

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



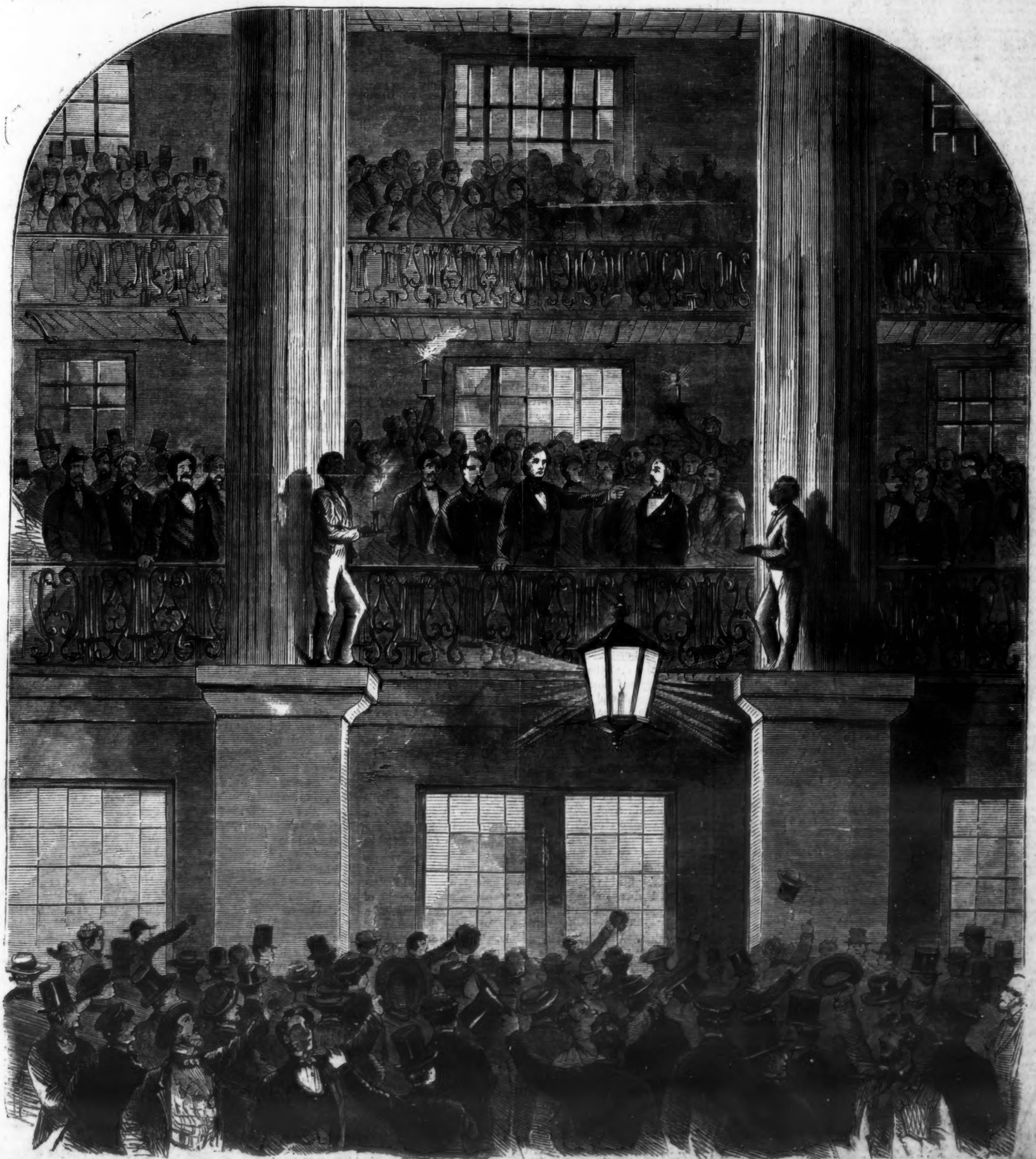
## NEWSPAPER

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THE HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE NEW SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS OF MONTGOMERY, ALA., FROM THE BALCONY OF THE EXCHANGE HOTEL, ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 16TH, 1861, AND PREVIOUS TO HIS INAUGURATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 259.



### THE HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT Of the Southern Confederacy, Addressing the People of Montgomery.

THE arrival of the newly elected President of the Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, preparatory to his Inauguration, created the utmost excitement in the capital, Montgomery. He arrived on the 16th, and went direct to the rooms prepared for his reception at the Exchange Hotel. He was welcomed on his arrival at the depot to the hospitalities of the city by Judge H. W. Watson, who addressed him in glowing language on behalf of the corporate authorities. The President responded in an appropriate and effective speech, which was loudly cheered by the people who thronged the place.

An immense crowd blocked up every avenue to the hotel, and vociferously demanded the presence of the President. The call was promptly acceded to, and President Davis appearing on the balcony of the hotel, addressed the people in the following words:

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND BRETHREN OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA—For now we are brethren, not in name merely, but in fact, men of one flesh, of one bone, of one interest, of one purpose and of one identity in domestic institutions. We have, henceforth, I trust, the prospect of living together in peace, with our institutions subject to protection and not to defamation. It may be that our career will be ushered in in the midst of storm; it may be that as this morning opened with clouds and mist and rain, we shall have to encounter inconveniences at the beginning; but as the sun rose, lifted the mist and dispersed the clouds, and let us the pure sunlight of heaven, so will the progress of the Southern Confederacy carry us into the safe sea and safe harbor of constitutional liberty and political equality. (Applause.) Thus we shall have nothing to fear at home, because at home we have homogeneity. We have nothing to fear abroad, because if war should come, and if we must again baptize in blood the principles for which our fathers bled in the Revolution, we shall show that we are not degenerate sons, but will redeem the pledges they gave, and redeem the chartered rights thus given to us, and show that Southern valor still lives and shines as brightly as in 1776, in 1812 and in every other conflict. (Applause.) I was informed, my friends, that your kindness only required that I should appear before you. Fatigued by travel and horse, I am unable to speak at any length, but I feel grateful to you, among other manifestations, for your good will exhibited on this occasion. I come now to discharge the great duties devolved upon me by the kindness and confidence of the Congress of the Confederate States. I thank you, my friends, for the kind manifestations of favor and approbation which you exhibit on this occasion. Throughout my entire progress to this city I have received the same flattering demonstrations of regard and approbation. I did not regard them as personal to myself, but as tendered to me as the humble representative of the principles and policy of the Confederate States. I will devote to the duties of the high office to which I have been called all that I have of heart, of head and of hand. If, in the progress of events, it shall become necessary that my services shall be needed in another position—if, to be plain, necessity shall require that I shall again enter into the ranks of the soldiery, I know that you will welcome me there. (Applause.) Now, my friends, thanking you for this manifestation of your approbation, allow me to bid you good-night.

After a telling speech from the Hon. W. L. Yancey, the vast crowd, cheering again with hearty good will, quietly dispersed.

#### Barnum's American Museum.

SPLendid DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES EVERY AFTER-NOON AND EVENING, at three and half-past seven o'clock. Old Aram's Call to Arms, Menagerie, the Living Black Sea Lion, Aztec Children, Mammoth Bear Samson, Albino Family from Madagascar, What is it? Thirty Monster Snakes, Living Seal, Living Happy Family, the \$150 Speckled Brook Trout, Double-Voiced Singer, and 850.000 Curiosities. Admission 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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#### NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in receipt with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

#### The Grand Inauguration Ball at Washington.

In order to do full justice to this magnificent spectacle, we have been obliged to withhold our illustration till next number, when we shall publish a splendid picture, with an accurate representation of the dresses of many of the prominent ladies of fashion there present.

#### Another New Story.

We call the attention of our readers to the beautiful new story which we commence this week. "Santa Lucia" is a Venetian story of rare interest; its merits will well repay perusal.

#### Our Weekly Gossip.

The press of illustrated matter this week compels us to omit Our Weekly Gossip. It will be resumed in our next.

#### Inauguration of the President of the Southern Confederacy.

We intended to publish in our present issue an engraving of the ceremonies attendant upon the inauguration of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, but the sketch by our special artist, who was present, came too late to hand to enable us to do it justice. It will, however, appear in the next number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

#### CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

As the Buchanan Congress draws to a close the interest seems to intensify, just as when old sinners are on their deathbeds considerable attention is paid to their departing words. This is a popular fallacy—what a dying man says is for the next world, not for this. In the Senate, on Thursday, the 28th February, Mr. Crittenden, from the Select Committee, presented a report from the Peace Congress. After considerable debate, in which Senator Douglas declared that he would move an amendment to the first session of the Peace Congress report, so the effect that no State has a right to secede, and that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, the debate was adjourned to the next day.

In the House Mr. Corwin's amendment was the subject of debate. It was

agreed to reconsider it. The proposition provides "that no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State." The question was taken, and the amendment was adopted—yeas 163, nays 65.

On Friday, the Peace Conference was again before the Senate, but did not seem to meet with much favor. Mr. Eward, the *fidus Achates* to *Æneas Lincoln*, proposed to substitute for their resolution his own and Senator Trumbull's. Mr. Hunter, on the other hand, offered amendments the compromise of Mr. Crittenden. After considerable talk between windy members, the Senate adjourned without any decision. The old legend of Nero fiddling is every day being fiddled out. What a pity that we have only "blind fiddlers," when we ought to have brilliant and far-seeing *maestros* of the National orchestra, whose chief tune ought to be "The Union."

In the House the proceedings were more emphatic. A bill amending the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed by 92 to 82. Its extreme complaisance will only complicate matters. It provides for a trial of the alleged fugitive in the place whence he is said to have escaped; takes away the power of the Sheriff to call upon citizens to assist in the capture of such fugitive, except in case of riot; and makes the fee of the judicial officer before whom he is brought, \$10 in any case, whether discharged or surrendered. Both the latter propositions remove two obnoxious though not very important features in the old bill, but the first provision will prove to be a perfectly useless addition to the law. After this brilliant achievement at blundering, a bill amending the act for the rendition of fugitives from justice, which made the rendition imperative on the demand of the Executive where the crime was said to have been committed, was voted down by the decisive majority of 126 to 47. The purpose doubtless was to secure the rendition of persons accused of interfering with Slavery.

On Saturday, the 2nd March, there was the usual excitement and confusion attending the wind-up of a Session. The Indian, Post-Office, Pension, Navy, Military Academy, Civil, &c., bills were passed. The House refused to suspend the rules to take up the bill providing for the collection of the Gulf ports revenue. The resolution censuring Toucey, the Secretary of the Navy, for accepting the resignation of the naval officers who had joined the Secessionists, then passed by 95 to 62. It is certainly not pleasant for a public minister to go out of office with so emphatic a reprimand.

The Senate continued its Sunday night's session to nine o'clock on Monday morning, to 4th March, when it took a recess till ten o'clock.

The debate of Sunday night, on the motion to adopt the Corwin resolution, as it passed the House, was continued, and after different proposed amendments had been voted on and defeated, the original resolution was finally adopted by 24 yeas to 12 nays. A vote was then taken on the Crittenden resolutions, and they failed by 19 yeas to 20 nays. Several reports were then made to the Senate, and the joint resolution correcting clerical errors in the Tariff bill passed. At twelve o'clock Vice-President Breckinridge made his farewell address, after which Mr. Hamlin took the oath as the new Vice-President, and the Senate was declared adjourned sine die. Vice-President Hamlin then took the chair, and the proclamation for the extra session was read.

The House met at ten o'clock on the 4th. Great excitement and confusion prevailed, and, as usual, in the hurry incident to the closing of a session, many bills were rushed through, and much business hastily transacted, but nothing of a very important nature. At twelve o'clock Speaker Pennington delivered his closing address to the members, and pronounced the final adjournment of the House of Representatives of the Thirty-sixth Congress.

#### The President's Inaugural Address.

THIS important document, upon which was supposed to hang the fate of our beloved Union, was read by President Lincoln from the steps of the Capitol on Monday last, the 4th of March. Avoiding all minor questions, he enters at once upon the present state of the country. He denies that the South has any just fear that his Government will prove inimical to their property, their peace or their liberty, and offers in proof thereof extracts of a conservative spirit from his speeches, and one plank of the Chicago platform, based upon the sentiments therein expressed. These he deems sufficient proof of his friendly feelings and just sense of his obligations towards the South.

Of the right to reclaim Fugitive Slaves, he considers it recognized, in the fullest sense, in the Constitution—a right which all Members of Congress swear solemnly to support. Whether this right should be enforced by the Federal or State Authorities, he believes could be easily settled by calm discussion.

He asserts that "no Government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination." Dissolution is, therefore, impossible, unless with the consent of all the contracting parties. No one State can lawfully withdraw from the Confederacy, and all resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances. He therefore considers that, in view of the Constitution and the Laws, the Union is unbroken, and, to the extent of his ability, he will take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon him, the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States.

He repudiates all idea of menace, and believes that no blood need be shed in sustaining his position.

He declares that the power confided to him will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and collect the duties and imports; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people, anywhere.

Where the citizens of any State refuse to hold Federal offices, the Government will not irritate the people of such State by filling such offices by strangers. The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union.

He considers that all the vital rights of minorities and individuals are guaranteed by the Constitution. Upon these no contrary opinions exist, political controversies alone springing out of questions arising from the carrying out *in extenso* and in detail of these guaranteed rights.

He maintains the theory that majorities must rule.

A majority held in restraint by constitutional check and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or despotism. Unanimity is impossible. The rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible, so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

He denies the ultimate authority of the Supreme Court in cases involving the policy of the Government. He recognizes a strong outside pressure in favor of amending the national Constitution, and he recognizes the right of the people to act in the matter. He is in favor of the Convention mode, as it leaves amendments to originate with the people. He agrees with the proposed amendment to the effect "that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of States, including that of persons held to service," and has no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

In his election he finds no authority given him from the people to fix terms for the separation of the States. That act can come only from the whole people. His duty is to administer the present Government as it came into his hands, and to transmit it unimpaired to his successor.

To the South he says that no conflict can arise unless it be the aggressor; that while the South has registered no oath to destroy the Government, his most solemn obligation will be to preserve, protect and defend it.

He maintains that the sections of the country are not enemies but friends, and must remain so, concluding with the following earnest, impressive and hopeful words: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

This is in brief the spirit and the matter of President Lincoln's Inaugural Address. It is a document of grave character, and its importance cannot be fully estimated until an insight is gained of the measures taken to carry out the declarations contained therein. Those who read it carefully, and contrast paragraph with paragraph, will find irreconcilable incongruities, which seem to render a happy issue from the present difficulties beyond the possibility of a hope. If peace is to be maintained, the action of the Federal Government must be submitted to without dispute, the new Confederacy must disown its action and yield up all that it has seized and appropriated. Grave questions arise as to how these acts will be viewed, and what will be their penalties, particularly in relation to the acts of individuals who have withdrawn their allegiance to the Federal Government and given it to their several States.

We have no desire to complicate the difficulties which bear down upon us on every side, but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the Inaugural Address gives but little clue as to the means of unravelling the tangled network of our present dissensions. Its words of peace and good-will seem to be traced by the bayonet point, by a mailed hand, and overtopping the figure of Mercy frowns the shadow of Force. The issue is to come. Which will prevail?

#### The Legislature and the Woman's Hospital.

THE early completion of the New York State Woman's Hospital, one of the most important and remarkable benevolent enterprises ever originated, is a matter of the utmost consequence to the State and to all who feel an interest in the welfare of woman and of society. This unique charity owes its origin to the inventive ingenuity, surgical skill and devotion of its projector, Dr. J. Marion Sims, a native of South Carolina, for many years a resident of Montgomery, Alabama, where his discoveries were made, and who has, for the last eight years, made the city of New York his home, where he has labored incessantly to secure the establishment of this institution, which will mark an era of advancement in enlightenment and genuine medical progress. Since its first organization in 1855, it has received the hearty commendation of the entire medical profession, and its praises have been pronounced by grateful and eloquent lips, some of which are now silent in death; and woman everywhere has tendered her ready and cordial sympathy to insure its early completion. The deaths, sometime since, of Hons. Benj. F. Butler and Mark Spencer, Presidents of the Board of Governors, and the very recent death of the venerated Dr. Francis, President of the Medical Board, have aroused a strong feeling of anxiety in the minds of all who have been interested in promoting the permanent establishment of the Woman's Hospital, to see everything done immediately that is necessary to insure its prompt completion.

The Common Council of the City of New York, under the administration of Mayor Tiemann, donated an admirably located block of ground, four hundred and five by two hundred feet, containing thirty-two lots, worth at least five thousand dollars each, situated upon high ground, and bounded by Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, and Fourth and Lexington avenues, on which they afterwards expended several thousand dollars to remove incumbrances, to be used as a permanent site for this institution. A temporary hospital with forty beds has been sustained by a board of lady managers at No. 83 Madison avenue, which has been over full since it was first opened. The City has donated twenty-five hundred dollars, and the State ten thousand dollars towards the support of the establishment in its temporary shape, and private benevolence has supplied over thirty thousand dollars for the same object.

The corner-stone of the new hospital building, which is to be three hundred feet long, and to accommodate two hundred patients, will be laid some time in May, with Masonic honors, probably on the anniversary of the first address delivered by Dr. Sims, in the Stuyvesant Institute, in 1854, and of the organization of a committee to consider the best means of founding the Woman's Hospital.

We are happy to learn that an appeal is being made to the Legislature for an immediate conditional grant of fifty thousand dollars, to be paid into the hands of the treasurer of the Woman's Hospital, so soon as the board shall be in possession of one hundred thousand dollars, provided the same be raised within the next twelve months; and that the building erected shall not cost less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A charter was granted in 1857 by the Legislature, which provides that each county in the State shall have the right of one free bed in the Hospital for ever. So much depends upon Dr. Sims for the successful organization of this institution, that it may almost be said its success or failure hangs upon the continuance of his life. This fact has aroused a profound feeling of interest at this moment, and the Legislature could hardly be held excusable, should it, by delay, continue to imperil the permanent establishment of this great and beneficent charitable institution, which has been pronounced deserving of every commendation by the most illustrious persons, including such names as Lady Franklin, Florence Nightingale, Miss Dix, Dr. Simpson, and a host of others in all civilized lands. With this conditional appropriation, and an amendment to the charter, requiring the Board of Governors to report annually to the Legislature, there is no doubt that the Woman's Hospital would be erected and ready for the reception of patients within the next eighteen months, without any further call upon the funds of the State.

#### EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Three Years ago we waged war against the corrupt officials and swill milk stablemen, to prevent the wholesale poisoning of the rising generation. We have now to warn the public against eating the very stumpy-tailed cows we put horns and combs three years ago, for since the Brooklyn authorities have levied



a fine of ten dollars per day for each cow fed on swill, the unscrupulous rascals have sold these diseased animals to be slaughtered for food. What are our inspectors about that this poisonous meat is not seized and the vendors severely punished? In such weather as this it only requires such food to commence a pestilence.

There is an occasional impudence in the telegraphic wires which partakes of the sublime. Every one knows the immense efforts made by Chase and Cameron to secure a position in the new Cabinet. As a proof of this we have only to note the fact, which proves that they had resolved to swallow each other like a couple of anacondas. Now just read their coy blushes as reflected through the telegraphic wires of their favorite organ:

"The appointment of Salmon P. Chase, Secretary to the Treasury Department, was definitely settled to-night. Cameron can have the War Department if he chooses. It is not known whether he will accept, but his friends urge it as a neatly upon him. At ten o'clock Mr. Chase had not decided to accept the Treasuryship, nor is it settled whether Mr. Cameron will take the War Department if Mr. Chase does the former."

How must Chase and Cameron cry out, "Save us from our telegrams!"

Things seem to need Rarey at Charleston. The *Daily Times* has a correspondent in that city, and putting this and that together, we made out the following sentence:

"There is so great a demand for horses for the exigencies of the service, that a daring thief stole, at dark, the horse of the Quartermaster, just after he had left him tied to a post in King street, our most crowded thoroughfare. A man who has so little respect for Quartermaster's property deserves a dose of homopoeia."

The *Daily News* is very properly indignant at the abuse heaped on Mr. Buchanan. It says:

"Mr. Buchanan is a scholar and a gentleman. He has filled creditably positions for which his successor is not socially qualified. His reputation in European and American society is something for an old man to remember with pride. Those who assail him personally, besides thereby establishing their intellectual and social mediocrity, exhibit a large share of ignorance and audacity."

We find the following in one of the English papers:

"A Berne telegraphic despatch of the 13th ult. says it was through the medium of the Swiss Consulate at Algeria, that Mr. Cobden proposed that Switzerland should mediate between the contending States of America. The Federal Council had declined the proposition, on the ground that it was not qualified for such an office."

If this proves to be the truth, Cobden must be insane. A mouse mediating between elephants would be equally apropos. "Too much free trade has made our Cobden mad!"

In spite of the hard times the newspaper business goes on increasing. One of the results of this fact is that the enterprising wholesale news agents, John H. Feeks & Co., have been obliged by press of business to remove to more commodious quarters, and are now occupying the large store, No. 24 Ann street. There they will have elbow room to accommodate that increase of business which their promptitude and enterprise so justly merits.

A New Excitement.—In 1850 everybody rushed to California after gold; in 1861 every one rushes to George C. Allen's, under the B and R House, for gold and jewels of every description. Allen is one of our old residents, a solid and reliable man, having carried on his business for over twenty-two years in Wall street, in a regular way; but now, in obedience to the spirit of the times, he offers an immense amount of rich and elegant jewelry at panic prices. There are several large show-cases marked, "Everything in this case, \$1—\$2," and so on up to five or six dollars. We examined the various cases, and were astonished at the excellent finish and the tasteful and elegant patterns of all the articles they contained. Brooches, breastpins, earrings, bracelets, lockets, studs, sleeve-buttons, rings, pons, pencil-cases, in short every variety of article in the jewelry line, in every variety of style. How they can be afforded at the price is one of the mysteries of the trade, as they are now offered at least forty per cent. below the usual retail prices. But a rapid sale for ready cash at this time is an inducement not to be resisted. The public appreciate the sacrifice, and literally "go in with a rush," for Allen's store is crowded from morning to night, and the cases are emptied and replenished two or three times a day. The jewelry fever is raging in New York. Mr. Allen has also a large stock of rich and costly jewelry, watches, &c., which is displayed in another portion of his store. Whoever sighs for adornment can gratify their tastes at Allen's store at a merely nominal expenditure.

The New York Weekly is making great strides to keep its high place in our weekly literature. Its stories are written by the most popular authors, and every class is appealed to. In addition to the startling works of fiction there are other features in this excellent paper which recommend it to the household, such as its editorials and melange of reading, which, independent of its capital stories, render it one of the best family papers of the times. Messrs. Street & Smith deserve the support of the public for their spirited management of the New York Weekly.

## DRAMA.

Niblo's Theatre.—Mr. Forrest having now entered upon the sixth month of his engagement, it is proper that the journalist should devote something more than an ordinary paragraph to a success so entirely unprecedented. In the history of the acted drama, there can be found no record of a career more remarkable than that of Edwin Forrest. Commencing at the lowest round of the ladder, he mounted, it is true, step by step, but with such lightning-like celerity, that early contemporaries stood amazed, and while still on the three-hold of manhood, while the glory of youth was just verging into the splendor of maturity, he found himself not only famous, but surrounded by hosts of friends, by whom he was fêted, caressed and applauded, as never was actor fêted, caressed and applauded before or since.

Fortunately, Mr. Forrest was gifted with a large share of that invaluable commodity, common sense, and this ordinal of adulation, which would have turned the head of a weaker man, only served to inspire him with a still more unalterable determination to attain the goal upon which he had fixed his ambitious hopes. With this object in view, he devoted himself with unwearied assiduity to the study of his profession, never descending to indulge in any of the dissipations or excesses that have dimmed the lustre of so many historic luminaries. Acting only at such times as the public voice actually demanded his appearance, Mr. Forrest passed forward to new triumphs, and each year saw his fame shine further, clearer and brighter, his fortunes increase, and his good name grow more secure "in months of wisest censure." A liberal patron of literature, he strove long and earnestly to call into being a strictly American drama, and it was his misfortune, not his fault, that in this endeavor he failed. He was most prodigal of his means, of his time and of his advice, but the authors, to avail of these advantages, were not forthcoming. One or two tolerably good acting plays only rewarded his efforts. A truly great original tragedy, by an American author, has yet to be written.

Thoroughly in earnest in his determination to become the foremost actor of the age, Mr. Forrest, at the very outset of his career, willingly turned aside from the laurel that were being woven for his brow and the golden stream that was flowing into his coffers, and retired temporarily from the active duties of his profession, in order to cultivate his taste and improve his mind by travel. During this period, all that was beautiful and truthful in nature and art was made subservient to his studies. From the magnificent natural scenery of his native land he had already drawn a breadth and grandeur of conception, and now from the art shrines, rich with the glorious works of the mighty masters of the pencil and chisel, from the mouldering but imperishable splendors of the classic ages, and from the historical associations that are so intimately blended with each river, valley and mountain of the Old World, he gleaned the grace and elaborate finish which were alone wanting to render his personations superior to anything that had hitherto been witnessed on the stage. It is not to be wondered at then, that on returning to the scene of his previous triumph, he at once assumed the position never since questioned, of the first historic gap and most brilliant dramatic artist of his time.

Before closing these desultory remarks we must refer to one feature connected with Mr. Forrest's career, which, to the uninitiated, is as singular as it is unparalleled; we allude to the persistent and vindictive assaults of which he has been made the object, both as actor and man, by a certain portion of the public. From such exhibitions of petty spleen and malice, Mr. Forrest turned to his audiences and demanded their verdict upon his merits as an actor; and for a quarter of a century his appeal has been responded to by a success unprecedented in dramatic annals, culminating in the present engagement at Niblo's. As to his private affairs, he rightly judged that in them the public had no voice. Still unabashed, however, this miserable minority pursues the great tragedian with relentless hate, and with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause seeks to extort from him some recognition of their existence—what success they are likely to meet with in their laudable endeavors those who know Mr. Forrest best, best know. It only remains now in a few words to sum up our reasons for placing Mr. Forrest as a tragedian so far above all who have preceded him. In the first place, then, his genius is of the very truest stamp; in personal appearance, he presents a combination and a form, indeed, "where every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man." His voice, as nobly as an orator's, as ever human being was gifted with, is capable of every variety of modulation, and his bearing graceful and majestic. To these qualifications add an intellect at once strong and brilliant, a mind thoroughly stored, not alone with the wisdom to be learned from books, but also with that higher knowledge gleaned from constant intercourse with man, and a keen insight into his thoughts, motives, passions; an iron will, and a thorough appreciation of the great moods with whose legacies his profession brings him constantly in communion, and we see a combination of qualities that find no counterpart

in the pages of dramatic history. We desired to follow Mr. Forrest through his principal rôles, but want of space forbids us that pleasure, and we conclude, therefore, by earnestly advising all admirers of "the youngest of the sister art," where all their beauties blend, to avail themselves of every opportunity of witnessing the performance of its greatest exponent.

Winter Garden.—Last week Miss Cushman made her *résumé* at this house, as Nancy Sykes, in a dramatic version of "Oliver Twist." As this was her first appearance in the part since the days of the old Park Theatre, curiosity was naturally on the *qui vive*, and the result was a house filled to repletion. Among the audience, too, we noticed many old playgoers, who are now rarely brought out, but when they do come add an air of dignity to any audience.

The play of "Oliver Twist" is about as bad a specimen of dramatic literature as it is possible to conceive. It has neither plot, interest nor unity, consisting merely of a collection of scenes (and those the most repulsive), from the novel after which it is named.

That Miss Cushman, however, should have made a success by her impersonation of the heroine, we do not wonder; we consider it a companion picture to her Meg Merrilies. Her make-up is admirable, and the rude energy she throws into the part renders some of its scenes thrilling in the extreme. The portraiture, it is true, lacks the pre-Raphaelite fidelity that Miss Heron invested it with; but, nevertheless, must be regarded as one of Miss Cushman's most successful impersonations, fully bearing us out in our often expressed opinion, that melo-drama, not *trage y*, is this lady's forte. In fact, while she lacks the dignity of carriage and grandeur of conception necessary to a proper delineation of the great tragic rôles, her very angularity of style renders her peculiarly fitted to enact such parts as Meg Merrilies and Nancy Sykes. The play is well acted; Mr. Wallack, as Fagin, making a vivid impression; he, like Miss Cushman, though he fails in tragedy, fully redeems himself in melo-drama. Mr. Davidge, as Bumble, is admirable, giving a picture that Dickens himself could find no fault with, and the remainder of the characters are fairly acted. The piece is put upon the stage with the same care as when produced for Miss Tilton, the scene representing London Bridge and the final tableau being exceedingly effective.

"Oliver Twist" was played throughout the week to good houses, and replaced on Monday last by "Guy Raverling." Miss Cushman's powerful delineation of Meg Merrilies is too well known to need further comment.

Niblo's Garden.—English Opera.—Debut of Miss Watson.—We cannot but regret that the English opera season has been brought to a close at Niblo's Theatre. The public were only just commencing thoroughly to appreciate the increasing merits of the various performers when they are denied the pleasure of listening to them. That a pecuniary success commensurate with the artistic success should not at once have attended the efforts of Madame Bishop, is to be accounted for by many good and sufficient reasons, first and foremost among which is the fact of the opera nights being *at* are technically called "off nights." These "off nights" are terrible affairs for artists, pecuniary success seldom or never attending them on those occasions. If, however, the season commenced auspiciously, a flattering increase in the number of the audience was observable on each successive evening, and on Saturday of last week the house was filled from parquette to gallery, to witness the debut of a lady previously celebrated in private circles, and who, if we mistake not, is destined at no distant day to take a front place in the ranks of English opera singers. We refer, of course, to Miss Eleanor Watson. This lady, a member of a family to whom the musical public of New York owe a deep debt of gratitude for their continued and conscientious endeavors to advance the art in this metropolis, has, of course, received a thorough musical education, and in addition thereto possesses a voice of delicate calibre, but clear, true and melodious, which she uses with admirable tact and taste. Before she had sung a dozen notes all idea of failure vanished, and her delicate rendering of the charming ballad, "On yonder rock reclining," made not only a success certain, but a cause of the most flattering description. Throughout the opera Miss Watson fully confirmed the favorable impression made in the first act, being encored in the principal morceaux, and receiving the warm and enthusiastic plaudits of a very critical audience. Her acting was better than we had any right to look for from a novice, being at all times lady-like and refined, and altogether the debut may be regarded as a source of sincere congratulation to Miss Watson, her friends and the public. We trust we shall soon have an opportunity of assisting at her second appearance.

Barnum's American Museum.—While our President, Gulliver Abe, is about getting his White House Museum in order, President Barnum is reaping the fruits of his numerous criss of curiosities, and receiving hosts of ad mirers every hour of the day. What Seward is to Lincoln, Greenwood is to Phineas. What was the "What Is It?" and the thousand other curiosities, a month can be easily and agreeably passed at the corner of Ann street and Broadway. In addition to these, there is the new drama of the "Woman in White," which attracts large crowds. For further particulars see the Prize Rebus in *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun* for March 16th. It is a triumph of ingenuity.

## THE INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

The Sixteenth President of the United States of America.

In presenting to our readers to-day a truthful and graphic picture of the solemnest and most interesting spectacle in the world, the inauguration of a man of the people to rule over the greatest republic of modern or ancient times, we briefly describe the ceremony we this day illustrate. In addition to the inherent importance of the event itself, the present unhappy condition of our national affairs gave it an additional interest and solemnity. For the first time in the history of our country the republic presented a broken front, and the inauguration took place in the face of an emphatic protest of six States against the accession to office of the President. All these considerations throw a momentous shade over the scene, which no one who witnessed it can ever forget.

The morning of the 4th of March, 1861, broke clear and beautiful, and though at one time a few drops of rain fell, yet the day turned out to be a very pleasant one, so far as the weather could make it. All business, public and private, was suspended, and the display of the national flag from innumerable buildings gave great liveliness to the scene. Hither and thither galloped and marched the volunteer soldiery, while the fife and drum and military bands made up an exciting picture which equally appealed to sight and ear.

As early as daybreak the crowds began to assemble in Pennsylvania avenue, and by eight o'clock the streets adjacent to Willard's Hotel and the Capitol were nearly impassable from the crowds of people.

### The Procession formed.

At nine o'clock the procession began to form in front of the City Hall, at the corner of Louisiana avenue and Four-and-a-half street, under the charge of Chief Marshal French, who admirably fulfilled his arduous duties on this eventful day.

The Marshals were: J. J. Coombs, George H. Plant, John S. Paxson, James W. Deeble, W. Krzyzanowski, John L. Hayes, Lewis Clephane, Albert G. Hall, S. A. McKim, Foster Henshaw, Col. John S. Keyes, Hon. N. A. Thompson, William Simpson.

Besides these were thirteen Aids, twenty-nine Assistant Marshals, representing States and Territories, and eighty-three assistants who acted miscellaneously. The common uniform of these were black hats, black frock coats, black pantaloons and light buckskin gloves. The particular designations of the Marshals Aids were blue scarfs, white rosettes and blue saddle cloths, trimmed with gilt. Those of the Marshals were blue scarfs, white rosettes, white saddle cloths, trimmed with blue, and a baton two feet long, of blue color, with ends gilt about two inches deep.

The Assistant Marshals wore white scarfs, with pink rosettes, and had white saddle cloths trimmed with pink. They carried batons of pink color, two feet long, with white ends two inches deep.

There was also a mounted corps of assistants to Colonel Selden, United States Marshal of the District, who were in attendance on Mr. Buchanan.

At eleven o'clock the *cortège* began its march through Louisiana avenue to Pennsylvania, past Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln was staying, up Fifteenth street, where it counter-marched and returned to Pennsylvania avenue, where it halted opposite Willard's Hotel. The military now formed on two sides of the hotel, and the whole *mise en scène* was most animating and effective.

### Mr. Buchanan Arrives.

At half-past twelve Mr. Buchanan arrived in the state carriage with liveried servants. Alighting at the ladies' door of the hotel, he proceeded to Mr. Lincoln's room. After a brief conversation they entered the carriage, the military presenting arms at their appearance, and the band playing "Hail Columbia." Senators

Baker and Pearce were in the same carriage. The procession then moved in the following order:

Aids.	Marshal-in-Chief.	Aids.
A National Flag with appropriate emblems.		
The President of the United States, with the President Elect and Suite, with Marshals on their left, and the Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia (Colonel William Selden), and his Deputies on their right.		
The Committee of Arrangements of the Senate.		
Ex-Presidents of the United States.		
The Republican Association.		
The Judiciary.		
The Clergy.		
Foreign Ministers.		
The Corps Diplomatique.		
Members elect, Members and ex-Members of Congress, and ex-Members of the Cabinet.		
The Peace Congress.		
Heads of Bureau.		
Governors and ex-Governors of States and Territories, and Members of the Legislatures of the same.		
Officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Militia, in full Uniform.		
Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, and subsequent periods.		
The Corporate Authorities of Washington and Georgetown.		
Other Political and Military Associations from the District and other parts of the United States.		
All organized Civil Societies.		
Professors, Schoolmasters and Students within the District of Columbia, Citizens of the District and of States and Territories.		

The military escort was under the escort of Colonel Harris, Colonel Thomas and Captain Taylor. Mr. Buchanan looked very grave, and scarcely opened his lips, while President Lincoln was pale and composed. The carriage in which the two Presidents rode was entirely surrounded by military, in order to prevent the possibility of any attempt at violence. We will now leave Presidents Lincoln and Buchanan on their ride, and proceed in advance to the

### The Capitol.

At five minutes to twelve, Vice-President Breckinridge and Senator Foot, of the Committee of the Arrangements, entered the Senate Chamber, escorting the Vice-President. Hamlin, to his seat on the left of the Presidential Chair. Mr. Hamlin had walked with a friend to the Senate Chamber just as a private citizen—offering a marked contrast to the military pomp of Mr. Lincoln's progress. As the clock with its twelve shocks of sound proclaimed noon the hammer fell, and the Second Session of the Thirty-Sixth Congress was no more.

Vice-President Breckinridge then took leave of the Senate over which he had so worthily presided, and administered the oath to his successor, Hannibal Hamlin, and conducted that gentleman to the Chair. At this minute the Corps Diplomatique entered the Chamber, and their gay costumes gave an additional brilliancy to the scene. The *tout ensemble* now was very striking—in one promiscuous conversation were men of all parties—Wigfall, Chase, Crittenden, Wade and Wilson were in one group, all chatting as though they had never differed in opinion.

At thirteen minutes to one o'clock the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States of America were announced by the doorkeeper of the Senate. On their entrance, all on the floor rose, and the venerable Judges, headed by Chief Justice Taney, moved slowly to the seats assigned them, immediately to the right of the Vice-President, each exchanging salutes with that officer in passing the chair.

### Arrival of President Lincoln.

At ten minutes past one an unusual stir outside announced the arrival of the President, and in five minutes more the Marshal-in-Chief, Major French, entered the Senate Chamber, ushering in the Presidents, Buchanan and Lincoln.

Senators Foot and Baker followed them. Mr. Lincoln then, with Mr. Buchanan, Foot and Baker, went straightway to the President's Room on the Senate Floor, where the dust, with which they were all covered, was brushed off. He then re-entered the Senate Chamber, and the line of procession was formed to the Portico in the following order:

Marshal of the District of Columbia, Judges of the Supreme Court, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Committee of Arrangements, President of the United States and President elect, Vice President, Secretary of the Senate, Senators, diplomatic corps, heads of departments, Governors, and others in the chamber. When the word was given for the members of the House to fall into the line of the procession, a violent rush was made for the door, accompanied by loud outcries, violent pushing and great disturbance. In other respects the crowd behaved themselves with exemplary propriety.

### They reach the Platform.

After the procession had reached the platform, Senator Baker introduced Mr. Lincoln as President of the United States to the vast assemblage before him. He was received with cheers. After a minute's pause, the President, Lincoln, put his hand in his pocket, and taking from it a pair of spectacles, read his Inaugural Address, which the reader has doubtless read every word of, but which he will find epitomized in another column.

President Buchanan and Chief Justice Taney listened with the utmost attention to every word of the Address, and at the conclusion the Chief Justice administered the usual oath, on taking which Mr. Lincoln was heartily cheered. Chief Justice Taney was much agitated—as well he might be, for this was the eighth President to whom he had administered those solemn words. The President was escorted back to the Senate Chamber, thence to his carriage, and the military, taking up the same order as in the morning, proceeded slowly to the White House. Mr. Buchanan accompanied his successor to the main hall, where the two Presidents, past and present, took a cordial and affecting leave of each other. Mr. Buchanan then drove to Attorney-General Ould's house, where he remained till the next day.

Thus ended the Inauguration of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, and Sixteenth President of our Great Republic.

### THE NEW CABINET.

Mr. Lincoln has formed his Cabinet; they are all able and well known men. How far Chase and Cameron can agree in the same cage remains to be seen. It has the look of a Compromise Cabinet.

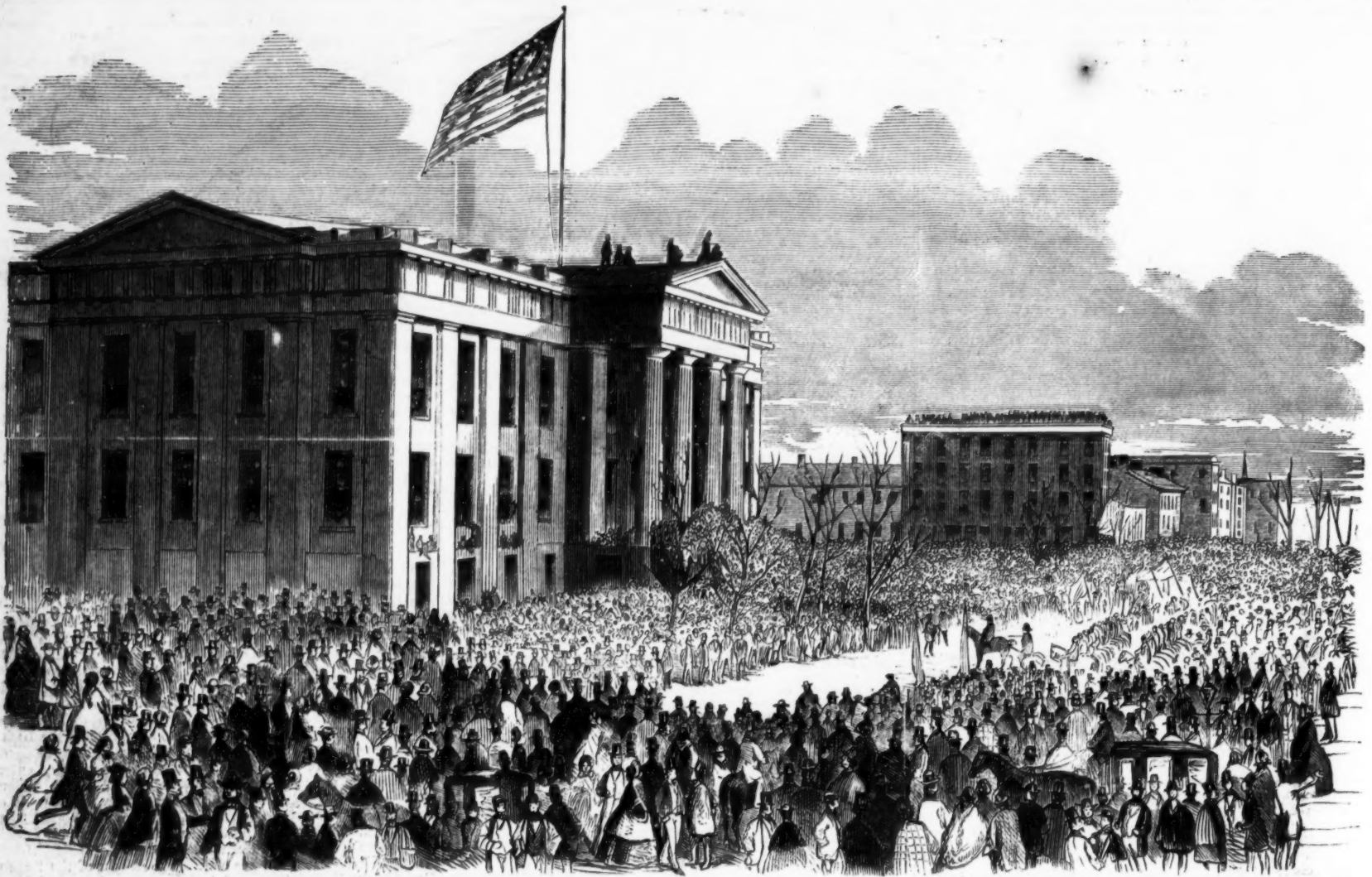
Secretary of State.....	William H. Seward, of N. Y.
Secretary of Treasury.....	Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio.
Secretary of War.....	Simon Cameron, of Pa.
Secretary of Navy.....	Montgomery Blair, of Md.
Secretary of Interior.....	Caleb B. Smith, of Ind.
Postmaster-General.....	Gideon Welles, of Conn.
Attorney-General.....	Edward Bates, of Mo.

It is said that it required a great struggle to get Blair instead of Davis in the Cabinet. A deputation from Maryland called on Lincoln, and said that the admission of Davis into the Cabinet would revive Plungism and other bad Tub macias. Davis, however, will be consoled by some lucrative appointment abroad. The nonchalance with which patriots now talk about the slaves and fishes would make the hair of our revolutionary fathers stand on end. It is, however, encouraging to know that our politicians do not add hypocrisy to their other virtues.

In Philadelphia, a few days ago, a woman was found by the police lying dead in bed with her drunken husband beside her. The officer roused up the husband and told him that his wife was dead, when the brute replied that she was dead drunk, and struck the corpse in the face with his fist. He was arrested and taken to the station-house. A little boy, three or four years of age, who had been sent out by the father for liquor while the mother was lying dead, was sent to the Northern Home for Friendless Children.

As Dr. CHAMBERLAIN says the *Daily News*—was riding from Hoboken to Guttenburg, he was fired at by some men who endeavored to seize his horse. The balls whistled past him, but did no further harm.





RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE COURT HOUSE, LOUISVILLE, KY., ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEB. 22, 1861, BY COL. J. H. HARNETT AND GEORGE D. PRENTICE, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEUSTEN & BROS.

#### THE FLOATING BATTERY IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C.

In a recent number we published a sketch of the floating battery intended to assist in taking Fort Sumpter, as it appeared at that date. The present sketch, just received from our Artist in Charleston, shows it in a completed state, as it will appear when towed into position to attack Fort Sumpter. The following description will give an idea of the formidable character of this floating battery:

This structure is made of sawed Southern pine timber, two or three feet square. It is something less than one hundred feet long, about twenty feet wide. The bottom is flat, into which the side timbers are framed, which go up, not perpendicularly, but at an outward inclination of about forty degrees, presenting an uneven surface to the outside. These side timbers, which are about six or eight feet long. On the upper part are framed other timbers, which present the appearance of rafters sawed off at the length of from three to five feet. The timbers are so framed into these short rafters, reaching downward into the flooring, thus forming a chamber to be filled in

with some resisting material, which, with the thickness of the inner and outer frame, will make a wall of at least six feet in thickness.

The projecting timbers, or short rafters, are to form a covering or roof for the men at the guns. The sides are to be timbers bolted together, something in the style of a trestle bridge, and in all will be between three and four feet in thickness. It is not the design to roof the structure entirely over, but for the most part, with the exception of the covering, it is to be left open. The design is to let in six or eight feet of water, above which, around the sides, under the protection spoken of, there will be a raised platform for guns and men. The idea of the water, it is supposed, is to destroy the effect of the bombs which will fall into it. The opening in the roof probably has reference to the effect of the concussion on the men serving the guns. It will, when completed, present a very formidable means of attack on Fort Sumpter, in connection with Forts Moultrie, Pinckney and the land batteries.

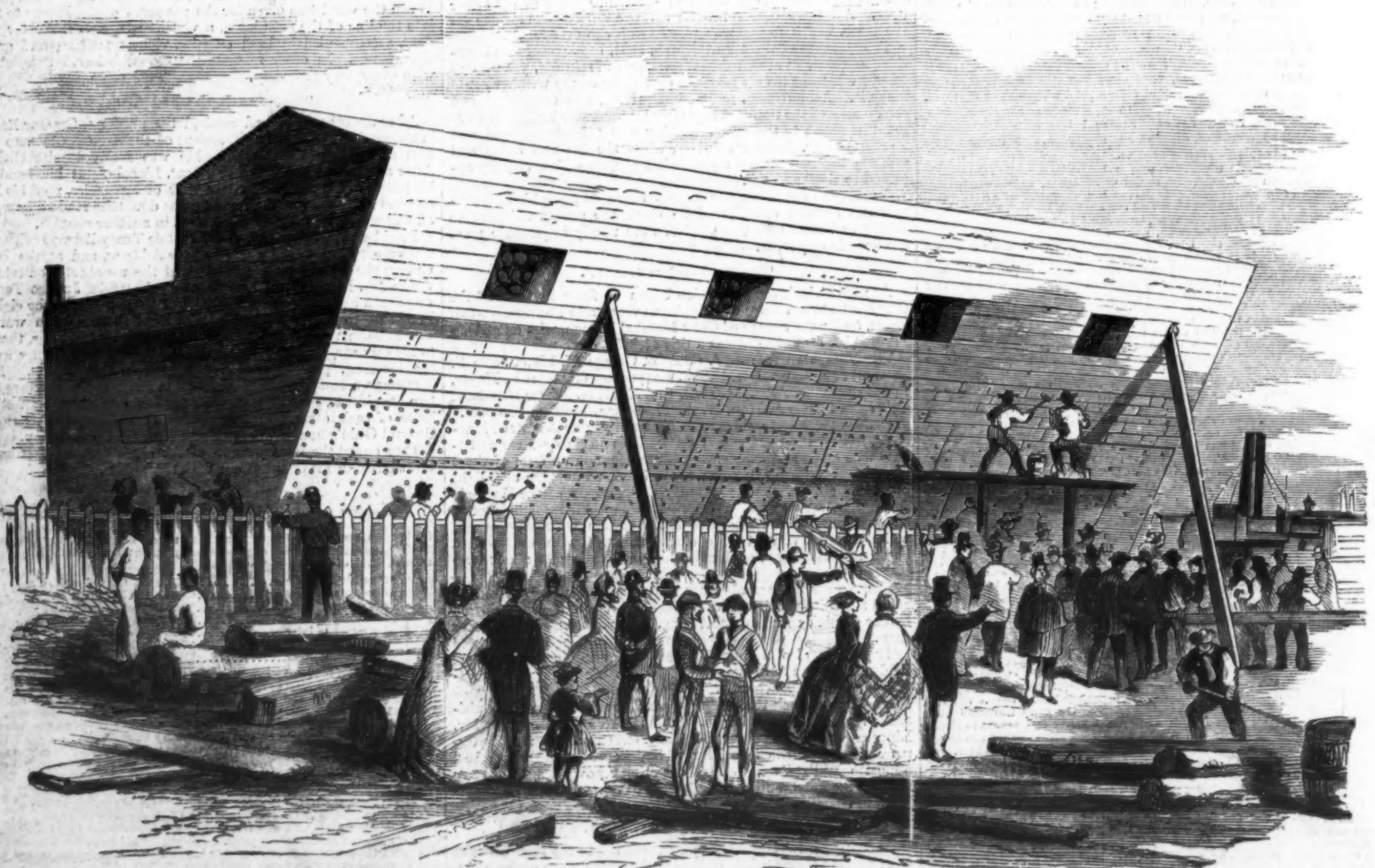
#### RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES Over the Court House, Louisville, Ky., on the 22d of February, 1861.

It was a great day of rejoicing—a perfect jubilee—in Louisville,

Ky., on Washington's birthday. The whole mass of the people turned out in favor of the Union, and to assist in hoisting the American flag, the glorious Stars and Stripes, over the Court House. The Louisville Daily Journal thus describes the imposing scene:

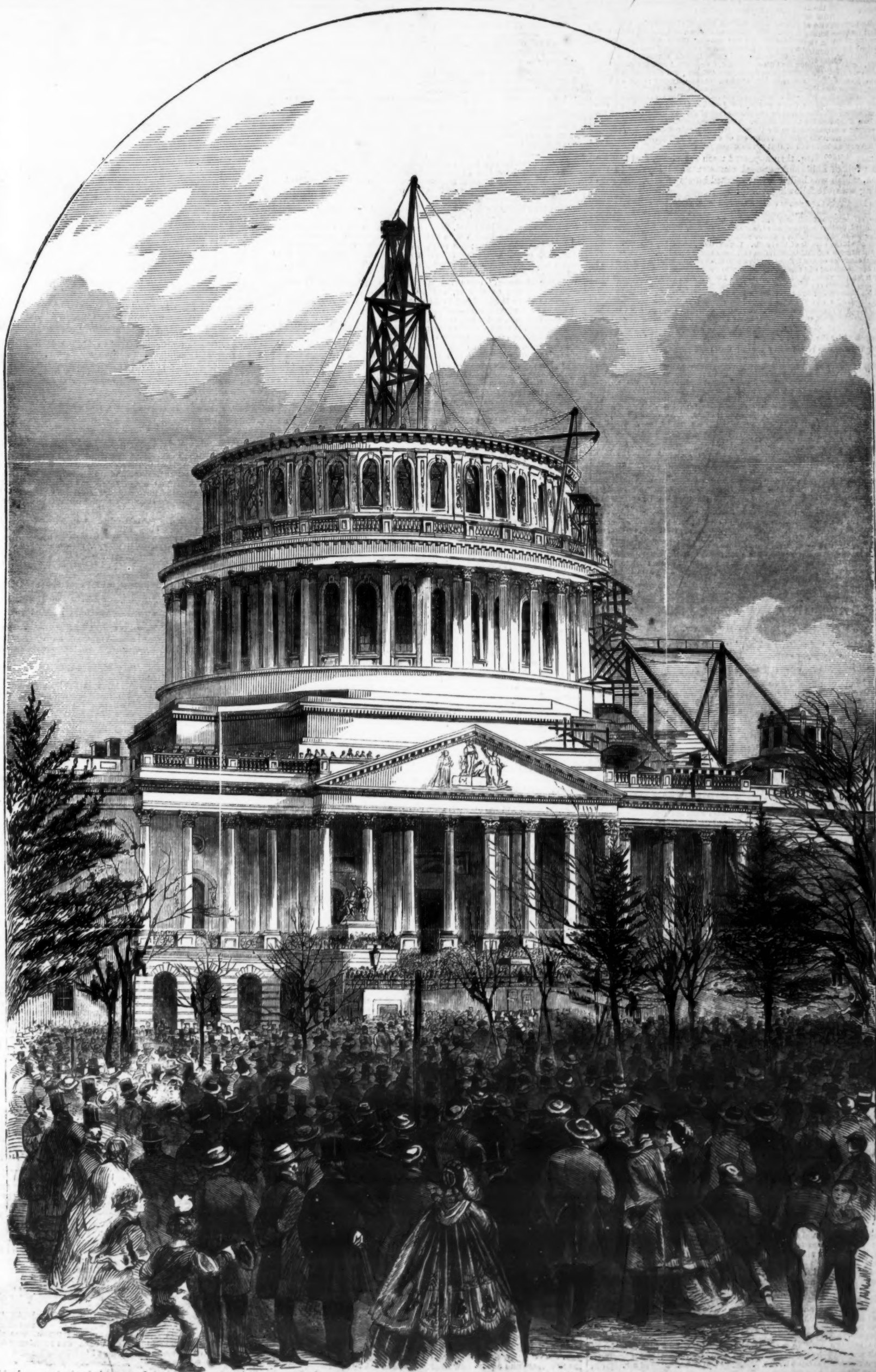
From an early hour in the day the space before the Court House was crowded, and by the time the ceremonies were commenced, we do not think there were less than fifty thousand persons in its immediate vicinity; old and young, male and female, joined the throng; women with children in their arms brought them up to remember the glorious occasion, and "old age forgot its crutch" to join the patriotic assembly. From Third to Sixth streets, and at all intermediate crossings, the dense crowds rendered ingress and egress almost impossible, and it was with great difficulty that the marshal of the day and his assistants could keep a sufficient space of ground cleared for the military display. Our volunteer forces never looked more full in ranks, more complete in equipments, and more steady in their evolutions. The crowd continued to swell and increase until the hour appointed for the grand ceremonial of the day, and each heart seemed hushed in anxiety for the moment to arrive. Many an anxious glance was cast at the Court House by those who were wedged

(Continued on page 262.)



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE FLOATING BATTERY IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, INTENDED FOR THE REDUCTION OF FORT SUMPTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHARLESTON.





VIEW OF THE CAPITOL, SHOWING THE PRE-ENT STATE OF THE DOME.—TAKEN DURING THE INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN, MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1861.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GRACEY.



## RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES

Over the Court House, Louisville, Ky., on the 23d of February, 1861.

(Continued from page 260.)

In dense masses around it, and there was an interval of delay for which we can find no reasonable excuse. But the moment came at last—the great ovation to the memory of Washington and the god-like Union which he reared. We hardly know how to approach a description of the stormy scene.

The military, consisting of the National Guard, Captain Symmes; the Hunt Guards, Captain Fretz; the Citizens Guard, Companies A and B, commanded respectively by Captain Morris and Lieutenant Chipley; the Washington Rifles, Captain Knap; the Louisville Life Guards, Captain Turner; the Jackson Guards, Lieutenant Bunnion; the Kentucky Rangers, Captain Ormsby; the Independent Zouaves, Major Woodruff; and the Louisville Battery, Captain Stone, formed in front of the Court House, on J. H. Street, at half-past two o'clock, which was the signal for the great event of the day, the hoisting of the American flag upon the Court House. When quiet had been restored, a fervent prayer was addressed to the Throne of Grace by the Rev. Dr. Craig of the Episcopal Church, the patriotic sentiment of which seemed to find a response from the great heart even of that promiscuous gathering.

James Speed, Esq., then appeared upon the stand, and made a speech full of noble and national sentiments and loyalty to the Union, which was hailed with repeated bursts of applause, concluding with the following words:

"As His wisdom and power established and support the order and harmony of the universe, so from his bosom emanated the principles of unity and fraternity, of social, political and religious freedom, embedded in the American Constitution, and on which stands the staff of our flag. With this Constitution and flag we have achieved a glorious nationality; have peace at home and the respect of all the nations of the earth. Let us, then, be on our guard how we rashly step from off that Constitution and from under that flag. Let us rather, taking the advice of our fathers, cultivate and cherish a faith in the final triumph of the feeling of unity and fraternity in the American mind and heart, as we do a faith in right, in justice, in God! Let this faith be ever present and never die. Countryman, it never can die until the demon of discord shall consume all social order and pluck from the American mind and heart all brotherly love. To exorcise this demon, let us respect, revere and love our national flag as the emblem of feelings good and true, and when it is cast to the breeze and floats over our heads let us sing with one accord—

—O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

When the flag was raised it was carried up to the truck in a ball, and at a signal the halyards were pulled by Colonel J. H. Harney and George D. Prentiss, Esq., assisted by four ladies, and then the glorious banner streamed to the breeze as if by a magic hand. The Star Spangled Banner, hymned by a full chorus, ten thousand voices swelling the anthem. By an admirable arrangement, the Independent Zouaves, Major Woodruff commanding, were ordered in front of the Court House, and at the word of command fired three volleys of musketry. Then the great assemblage dispersed. The military display, however, did not close with the exercises at the Court House. The various Companies composing the Battalion, under command of Major Hunt, took up the line of March out of Fifth to Walnut, up Walnut to Third, out Third to Broadway, and up Broadway to Floyd street. At this point they were reviewed by Gen. Buckner, and afterwards subjected to a rigid drill. At the conclusion of the review the Battalion marched down Broadway to First, down First to Main, down Main to Eighth, out Eighth to Jefferson, and up Jefferson to the Court House, where they were disbanded.

## SANTA LUCIA—A VENETIAN TALE.

By M. Betham Edwards.

Author of "An Artist's Tale," "Now or Never," &c. &c.

## CHAPTER I.—THE STREET.

It was in the month of January, 1848.

All Venice was in a ferment. Manin, the only man who could save or succor his country, had just been thrown into prison; and the glowing hopes, which a little time since flushed the hearts of the Venetians, had died away, to be followed by the stern resolution of despair. Liberty or Exile—this was the question at issue. Some of my readers may remember the chain of circumstances which led to the imprisonment of the nobly-minded Manin. The accession of Pius IX. opened a bright vista to Italy. He was the physician who should heal all wounds, befriend the oppressed, uphold justice, restore freedom—in fine, recall the Italy of a glorious past. Alas! it was not the first nor the last time that her children were to be so duped. And Manin measured clearly the foundations of such hopes; still he saw that the time was come when he should speak might get a hearing. Acting in concert with his friend Tomaseo, a brave, high-spirited citizen, he sent up a petition to Government, invoking the redress of the most galling public grievances. They were answered by being conveyed to prison.

It was, as I have said, the month of January, and a gloom hung over the city, which lay beautiful and in tears, like Andromeda chained to her sea-girl prison. The dragon came nearer and nearer to devour. She held up white, imploring hands, and wailed aloud to the latrons far off; but there was no deliverer.

A woman in the prime of life, with handsome though somewhat large features, rounded figure, and bustling gait, by name the Signora Emilia Rota, was as ardent a patriot as any in the city. She fanned the flame of insurrection with the most ardent of true womanly arguments, preached to the men, fired the youths, roused and inspired the mothers and wives, till she fancied there could not be a spark of cowardice left in the whole city. And she was nearly right; for though a mixture of sordidness, like alloy in gold, is always found where the coin of human souls is current, I believe every heart in Venice aspired to liberty. Wonderfully popular was this Signora Emilia, the idol of the common people, the female Garibaldi of the Venetian streets; and this popularity well pleased her, gave an additional lustre to her black eyes, a new jauntiness to her step. How the Austrian police had the sight of that trim, consequential figure, in scarlet and blue, and those fearless, glittering eyes! How they would have relished the task of whisking her off to prison! This also she knew well, and the knowledge gave her a malicious delight.

Let us follow the signora, as she wends her way home from mass on a bleak January morning. In the church she had been devout enough, with clasped hands, drooped eyelids, and low, earnest prayers on her lips. Once in the streets—

"With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails filled, and streamers waving!"

up goes the head, hither and thither flash the lively eyes, to this acquaintance and to that are kissed vivaciously the plump white hands. By-and-bye she is joined by a young man, wearing a red scarf, who has a modification of her figure, face and carriage in his own; but looked of a thoughtful and reserved, rather than of a sanguine temperament; his complexion was less brilliant, and his form drooped a little, as if from absent habit of mind. Still the likeness was striking.

"Ah, my dear aunt, I have been looking for you! My mother is anxious about Maddalena, who, poor child, is shivering with cold chills, and she has sent me to you for some of your famous remedies."

He glanced around (in those days the police were everywhere), and said, in a lower tone,

"I have other matters to speak of. Let us go straight to your house."

She nodded, and they chatted lightly on ordinary topics till they reached a portly house behind the Rialto. Inside it was still as death.

"My husband is out, I know not where," said Emilia, with something between a smile and a sigh. "Poor fellow! we must not worry him too much about these things; he is already scared with a secret or two; so come to my room, and tell me your errand before his return."

She led the way to a small chamber, furnished with meubles of black polished wood, finely carved, and warm colored hangings. A arched was suspended over a niche, in which was placed a hassock, for the signora was regular in her devotions at home and abroad.

"And now, nephew Emanuel, your news."

The young man took a turn or two in the room; then, standing still, and looking at her fixedly, said,

"It is only, or rather, it is mostly of myself that I want to talk with you. I am in great trouble, and you are the only person who can help me."

"Ah! some love affair, I'll be bound," thought Emilia, with a little laugh.

He did not observe the laugh, and continued passionately—

"I am betrothed to Lucia Valletti!"

"Then you are mad!" exclaimed the signora, with anger flashing from her eyes. "and I neither can nor will help you."

Taking her unwilling hands in his, he gazed into her eyes, with deep tenderness and melancholy.

"Aunt, you who are my best and only friend, my adopted mother, you will not say this to me—me, your own Francesco's play-fellow brother."

This appeal, backed by those moist, handsome eyes—eyes that reminded her forcibly of her absent boy—was not without its effect.

"Ah, these boys, these boys, how they do get over one! My poor Francesco—he will be tumbling in love with a Valletti soon, I suppose; but over his law books at Padua, for the present, I think he is safe. Well, how can I help you? Your father, and every one bearing the name of Pepoli, hate the Valletti to the death. Alas! poor boy, would that your first love affair opened under fairer auspices!"

She twined her arms around him, with a motherly softness beaming in her eyes, and added,

"Forgive me, my Emanuel, that I spoke so harshly to thee. If I could help thee, the Holy Virgin knows how willingly I would do it, however painful the task; but think—thou hast betrothed thyself to a daughter of the house my father and his children have held as accursed. Easier were it to reconcile us with our oppressors, than that this old and deadly feud—"

"No, by Heavens!" cried the youth. "To our oppressors our hearts will always be swords, and our thoughts poisoned arrows! But listen: there is one thing that can make the Pepoli and Valletti join hands in brotherly love—"

He stooped low, and whispered in her ear—

"The magician who can do this, who will do this, is—Hated against those who would enslave us."

Taking from his bosom a wooden crucifix, he held it before her.

"See," he added, "with one hand I can hold this crucifix, with two I could snap it in the instant; and so it is with us, were we all to join hearts and hands in the good cause. Ah! what might we not hope for? These unlucky and cruel divisions spoil all!"

"True, too true!" said Emilia, shaking her head sadly.

"But they might be healed," he exclaimed, eagerly. "A little tact, a little conciliation on both sides—oh, how easily all might be put right if my father were of my mind! And you, I believe, you can do it all."

"The boy is beside himself," said the signora, pleased nevertheless at the implied compliment.

"Yes, you can do it if any one can. You can smooth the way; the dangers of Venice will do the rest."

"Well, I can but use my woman's weapon. Heaven be thanked, it is a tolerably ready one on most occasions."

"My good aunt, I feel sure of your mediation. Ah! now you have given your word, all will go well," and Pepoli's eyes shone joyfully.

"How? I have but the wiles and snares of my tongue to aid you with; it requires more than that to bring two families together who have been divided for years by so bitter an enmity. My poor child, thy Lucia is still far, far out of reach."

The entrance of Signor Rota, a timid little man, by no means willing to hear secrets either concerning love or war, put a stop to the conversation.

## CHAPTER II.—LOVE.

Twilight shrouded the city. Hither and thither, amid the gloom and the stillness, glided the mournful gondolas, and in one of these sat Emanuel, wrapped in his cloak, gazing with fixed, expectant eyes on a distant point, where a lamp burned dimly. Soon he landed, and following the twinkling light, crossed a courtyard, and entered, unannounced, a low and humble dwelling. An old woman greeted him with a shake of the head, and low-voiced—

"She is not come, poor lamb! My heart misgives me that some mischief has happened. Her iron-hearted father—what if he knows?"

The words had hardly escaped her lips when a shadow darkened the door, and a young girl, breathless, wild-eyed and pallid, threw herself into Pepoli's arms.

"My own Lucia!" he murmured, anxiously. "Oh, speak! why this fear? Am I not here—your Emanuel—to guard and watch over you if all the rest of the world should be unkind? Good Heavens! she has fainted; some water, Caterina!"

The good old nurse obeyed, and soon after the two eager watchers had the joy of seeing their charge open her eyes. Caterina poured a teaspoonful of wine down her throat, and then she sat up, and looked at both calmly.

"It was weak of me to give way like this," she said at last, stopping every now and then to take breath; "but oh, Emanuel, I have seen such a terrible, terrible sight!—seen it with my own eyes, Caterina—a murder!"

She covered her face with her hands, and shuddered.

"Courage, courage, I am with you—you will remain with you; there is no longer anything to fear," whispered her lover.

"It was so horrible, and the sight follows me, oh, so closely! when shall I forget it? Think, Emanuel, think, Caterina; I was hastening along; it is such a little way to come, you know, and I have never felt afraid; and suddenly, before I had time to turn back, for it was just at the corner of the square, I saw one of the police strike a citizen, I don't know why, and he groaned, and fell down, covered with blood."

Pepoli started up, with a half-suppressed curse between his lips.

"Stay!" she cried, "be patient; we must bear it, we can do no good; but oh, if I had been a man then, I believe I should have stabbed that Austrian, I hated him so! Alas! we can do nothing but hate those who trample upon us."

The young man made no answer, and sighed, or rather groaned deeply.

"Children," said old Caterina, "try to forget these troubles, and be happy in your love. May cannot come in October, you know; and now that you are young and love each other, you must be content, even if the sky be gloomy overhead. Ah! what a courtship I and my Luigi had forty years ago. Surely I've never seen such a lovely world since."

She left them, and they heard her ascend the stairs, repeating an old ballad, the burden of which ran thus:

"Some pluck the grapes before they're ripe,  
Some never pluck at all;  
The vintage comes to each alike,  
Before the dead leaves fall."

"Caterina is right, love," said Emanuel, with an attempt at cheerfulness; "and I came here with a promise of better things. Oh, Lucia, Lucia, if our fathers, and uncles and brothers, were but united, all would be well for you and me, and for our country."

"But is there any chance of that Emanuel? Think of the generations from which this hatred has descended."

"And think of the love of home and freedom that have also been the heritage of centuries. Will not one balance the other?"

"I fear not."

"Not now, perhaps; but bye-and-bye. Things will come, things must come to the worst, every hand and heart in Venice will be joined, and one interest only move both."

"Oh, if Venice could be free, and we could love each other and be affianced to each other honestly! It seems too much to hope for."

The light faded from her dark eyes, and she rested her head wearily on his shoulder.

"This deceit, this underhand contriving, oh, would it were all over!" she sighed.

He looked sorrowful on her pale cheeks; a little while ago those cheeks were bright with health.

"I am not worthy of this sacrifice, my Lucia," he said; "better had I left you free and happy."

She started up, and, throwing back her rich hair, looked at him, half meekly, half passionately, and cried,

"Was I happy till I knew you? Why will you make me reproach you, the only person in the world I live for? Or is it only to hear me say again and again, how dear you are to me?"

"Ah! no, dearer, I was wrong; I know how well you love me,

and that thought is all the brightness of my life; but what I am compelled to see and to feel every day makes me mad and unreasonable."

"You spoke of better days in store, just now," said Lucia, in her turn acting the consoler; "tell me all your hopes and plans; I cannot aid the good cause, but I can pray for it."

And saying this, with her hands meekly folded on her knees, her shining hair falling around her neck, and with such purity and love in her sweet eyes, no wonder Emanuel felt as if those prayers would be surely answered from heaven, and tick heart. Hurriedly, for their time was short, he told her of many projects and resolves, which it is not necessary to repeat here, as what was attempted and carried into execution by the Venetians, at this crisis, will be touched on hereafter. Soon the last fond words were said, how lingeringly! for neither knew when they should meet again; and Lucia, accompanied by the faithful old nurse, returned home.

She did not find a plea for visiting Caterina again for some days, and night after night Emanuel watched for the signal light in vain.

## CHAPTER III.—THE CRY FOR VENGEANCE.

DAME EMILIA sat in her sanctum very busily thinking. A fortnight had now passed since that conversation had taken place, detailed in our first chapter; and though she loved her nephew too well to feel really angry with him for any length of time, his love affair weighed on her mind as a great vexation. Come what might, she felt it could not end well. The hatred between the Pepoli and the Valletti was too deep-rooted to be modified even by the dangers of their mutual country, at least she feared so, and she knew the characters of the heads of both families well. With Emanuel's father, the Count Paul Pepoli, she had tried many artifices and wiles, but much as the count admired and was led by his high handed sister, to all proposals of peace with the hated house he was deaf. But Emilia did not yet despair. Once bend her brother's will to her own, there was nothing she dared not hope for, since his influence in Venice was paramount.

"Sister!"

His sister was thinking of so intently and mentally winding round her pretty dimpled hands, stood there before her.

With a little scream she jumped up and greeted him.

"The holy Peter! why do you startle me? I was thinking of you, too. Did my thoughts bring you?"

"The devil himself brought me," he said, in a deep undertone of mingled rage and suffering. "Pardon me, sister, expect nothing but bitterness and raving from me. I am mad!—mad!"

The signora was a woman of self control and tact, besides which she had all her life been accustomed to deal with passionate natures in various moods; so, very soothingly and softly she led him on to pour out his heart, knowing well how much better it is to empty an overflowing vessel than to add to its burden.

So he told his story.

It appears that Emanuel Pepoli had not been so prudent as was needful, and had let fall, in treacherous company, one or two words, fiery hot from the furnace of his ardent, noble young soul. Perhaps love, and the thought of his fainting, frightened Lucia, made him too hasty; but be this as it may, the words were carried to quarters for which they were not intended, and no doubt lost nothing on the way. So one morning this brave young man, with his heart full of heroism and high ambition and generosity, was arrested without warning, carried off to a prison forty miles distant, fed on bread and water, and—

"It will come to that," roared out Pepoli, with scalding tears—"it will come to that. They will force him to wear an Austrian uniform, and send him far away; was it not so with Enrico Carriole? Why should it not be so with him? Did they not send him to Hungary, where he died, rather than wear the accursed badge of slavery? Oh, my son! better you had died long, long ago!"

Emilia did not attempt consolation then. She waited till the first impetuosity of temper was passed, till the first throes of agony were over.

"My brother Paul," she said, gently, "it will not be so bad as that. Listen to me. Have we not hearts in Venice? have we not hands? have we not wrongs to avenge?"

He made no answer save a gloomy sigh, and she continued,

"It seems to me that now is the time when all lesser interests and passions should be forgotten, and all individuals and families united in the common cause."

"The old story—the old story of impossibilities! Thou hast already wearied me of it, Emilia."

"No," she continued in the same imperturbable and decided strain, "no, it is not a story of impossibilities, Paul, and you would do well to regard it in a new light. Think of the issue at stake—think of the brave boy, the darling of your heart, the head of your house, compelled to do duty in the service of those who injure us to the death; and worse misfortune may come. Your daughter, your fair, delicate, angel Maddalena, is she safe? so beautiful, so young—"

"For the good Christ's sake, torture me no longer," cried the count, with big anguish drops rising to his brow, "you send my soul to—Emilia, spare me."

The signora arose and stood before him firm, cold and pitiless.

"Let it be then; I will say no more, and in future years let the world hold a mocking finger to us, and cry 'Cowards! The petty quarrels and feuds of private parties were stronger in your hearts than the love of children or country. The Venetians are no longer worthy of freedom; let them be forgotten!'"

She left him, and seeking her bedroom, locked herself in, and prayed with a few burning bitter tears. Next to her own child, her joyous, handsome Francesco, she loved her nephew Emanuel, and in spite of her worldliness, her cunning, her vanity, the signora could love with unbounded devotion and tenderness.

The news of Pepoli's arrest spread like wildfire through the city, and produced a great effect. He was handsome, generous and popular; what wonder the men muttered deadly words, and the women whispered, "See ye to it that the sons of our home are not snatched from us also!"

And poor, poor Lucia! Her anguish was deepest of all and hardest to bear, since she dared not betray it by word or tear. Yet in secret what tears were shed, what low sobs of agony were drawn, what prayers of intense love and sorrow were poured out at the image of the Virgin in her room! One sympathizing friend she had, and one only, the faithful old Caterina, but her she saw very seldom.

The way to her house was hateful, now that it no longer led to him, and she feared to go by herself, so frightfully had she been shocked by the spectacle we have before mentioned. Her lover torn from her, their union more hopeless now than it had once been, and with no kindly comforter, no soothing friend, no tidings of him—alas! poor Lucia; no wonder thy cheeks grow hollow, and thy eyes dim with weeping. Poor child, God comfort thee!

From the agonized hearts of the parents, from that small room where a young girl prayed for resignation under the grief that was withering her youth; from the multitude in the street arose a call, voiceless, yet reaching to heaven, and it said—Vengeance!

## CHAPTER IV.—A SACRAMENT.

It was a scene to be remembered. On a clear, spring morning a line of gondolas passed silently over the canal leading to the church of La Madonna della Salute. Here they stopped, and their respective occupants stepped out one by one and entered the church. Some wore the red scarf of the Pepoli, the rest the black of the Valletti; black and red mingled together, and the union signified more than met the eye.

Foremost walked the Count Paul Pepoli, with firm step and erect head; deep, internal conflict and suffering showed traces in his hollow eyes and lined cheeks, but an expression of indomitable resolve was predominant over all; his white lips compressed, and his hands clenched as he entered the sacred edifice. Lucia's father walked beside him. His was a harder countenance than Pepoli's, but the head was drooped to day, and he scattered gold to the street beggars around, who were almost too astonished to thank him, for his stern character was well known. And others followed; some white-haired men with bent shoulders, trembling steps and red eyes; some brave youths of noble bearing, with glorious impulses flushing their cheeks. But all were silent, for silence alone was safe. Mass was celebrated, and then the chiefs of the two factions knelt before the altar and clasped hands at the foot of the crucifix.

And no word was said, but then and there the mighty stone was rolled off the sepulchre, the private enmity of old standing, which had looked all hearts from sympathy and union, was solemnly abjured, and an unspoken but sacred oath was registered instead—

"Resistance to the enemies of Venice!"

And when at last Lucia saw in her little room, looking with



blank eyes on the streets below. Her flowers, her aviary, her music and books gave no pleasure now, could not pass the time away even—she could do nothing but sit in dreamy sadness and think of Emanuel. Where was he? What hardships had he to undergo? Could he find means of writing to her, or of sending some token of his love and remembrance? Could she find means of communicating with him, of sending him a line, a flower, or a lock of hair? Once, in the first frenzy of her grief, a desperate thought had taken possession of her mind. She would leave father, mother, home and wealth and seek him, to remain with him, to comfort him, to share his prison if the need should be, his wanderings, his exile, and never, never be parted from him more.

She had grown calmer now. The religion that ruled her innocent, loving heart had told her that such would be a great falling off of duty, a sin in the eyes of God, a breaking of the commandment, which ordained love and obedience to one's parents. Her father was a stern, unlovable man; yet was he not her father, nevertheless? And her dead mother, would she ever be able to pray for her soul with such a weight on her conscience? No; she must bear it all, bear it and die. As she sat there, wan and fragile and despairing, it seemed as though Death, the consoler, could not be far off. She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of her father, who, with flushed face and gleaming eyes, caught her in his arms and embraced her again and again. Quite speechless from surprise at this unwonted burst of parental feeling, poor Lucia submitted to it meekly, as she would have met his anger at another time, and tried to reciprocate his overflowing spirits with a smile.

"How pale you are, child," said the count, at last; "and now is the time when your cheeks should bloom like roses. We must find a lover for you, Lucia—is that what you have been pining for?"

"Oh, dear father," cried the poor girl, in great embarrassment, "I am not pining—do not be uneasy for me. I want—I have no wish to leave you—"

"No, no, all girls say so, and all the while kiss their hands to the young cavaliers at the back windows. But, Lucia, we will not hurry your wedding till—" he stooped down and whispered in her ear—"till every soul in Venice is free!"

Her thought flew to Emanuel.

"Oh, father, is such a thing possible? and will the prisoners be released?"

"Prisoners! yes, yes," he said; "but we must be free first, you know, and then we can do everything. And, Lucia, a step has been made to-day—we have joined hands with those we once hated of our own countrymen; there are no longer two factions in Venice—you understand?"

"The Popoli and the Valletti are friends, God be thanked!" and with the mingled joy and hope her father's sudden words conveyed to her mind, and the crushing sorrow she had borne so many days in secrecy, the overwrought girl fell fainting into his arms. When she revived, her father was bending over her with unwonted solicitude, moistening her forehead, and holding a vinaigrette to her nose. "Cheer up, my pretty Lucia," he said, again and again, "we must take more care of you, and not let you mope so much by yourself, for the cavalier will be discontented to find the roses all gone from your cheeks. Such a nice, gallant husband I have found for you! Cheer up!"

Left to herself, her mind was divided between the sweetest hope and the saddest apprehension. What if her father should force her to marry some one to suit his own interests? Should she confess her love for Emanuel, their clandestine meetings and vows? Could she do this? Could she be so brave? Would his stern heart be softened by her entreaties of forgiveness, and all be well? Alas! then came the dreary thought of Emanuel's imprisonment; of what use her father's consent, when he was torn from her, perhaps for ever?

(To be continued.)

## ERLE GOWER: OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

A tide of wondrous and unthought bliss  
Rolls back through all her pulses suddenly,  
As if some seraph who had learned to kiss  
From the fair daughters of the world gone by,  
Had wedded to his fallen light with hers,  
Such sweet, strange joy through soul and body stirs.—Lowell.

The old adage that "seeing is believing," is not always borne out by actual fact, or else why do we have the antithesis, "appearances are deceitful?" Poor Violet saw, as she believed, Cyril Kingswood in felicitous communion with Eleanor Cotton, she herself being no more remembered by him, and this presumption was confirmed, when, knowing that he saw her, she looked at him appealingly for one little word, one fond, gentle glance, and he turned from her with downcast eyes and a cold apathetic manner.

She saw this and believed her eyes. She remembered the hoar old wood illuminated by the radiance of his handsome face, beaming eyes and loving smile. She compared it with the expression now; she coupled it with the experience of Miss Virgo, so ruthlessly communicated, and then she saw and remembered, for the time, no more.

When she recovered her consciousness she was lying upon a couch in a small chamber alone, and ringing in her ears the words—

"Oh, how truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this!"

Instinctively she repeated, with passionate energy, and as passionate grief, the words, dwelling with trembling fervor upon them, until they faded into sighs, into a bitter prostration of anguish, which broke down all barriers of control, and rendered her unconscious and careless of the outer world and its movements.

She heard the whispered words of Ishmael fall into her ear without heeding them. She was aware that she was enveloped in a cloak, hurried to a carriage, whisked back to a hated mansion to which she had been consigned as to a prison, and replaced in the solitude of her chamber, without a gesture or word of dissent. She was hopeless and careless now of life or any pleasure or joy it might offer her.

She had seen and she believed. Her heart was crushed. What, therefore, was the world to her?

Erie, too, had seen, but his believing took another form.

He had been prepared by Ishmael to expect to see Lord Kingswood and bear himself with lofty haughtiness of manner, in order that his lordship might perceive and comprehend that he was neither unknown, friendless nor powerless. The presence of Lord and Lady Kingswood at the Marquis of Chillingham's brilliant assembly augured also the presence of Lady Maud.

So, from the instant he entered the mansion of the marquis until his longing eyes were gratified, he gazed in every direction for the fair, sweet face of Lady Maud.

And he beheld it, shining, fair and beautiful—a star among the fair and beautiful.

A turn of his eye enabled him to see that her eyes were downcast, and that the expression of her face was that of one who either listened with deep attention to the airy words poured into her ear by her young, elegant and handsome companion, or that she was in a fit of deep abstraction.

He was rejoiced to find that her companion was not Philip Avon—he perceived that it was Carlton Stanhope—he could have borne to see her leaning, clinging tenderly to the arm of any one but Philip Avon.

He gazed at the teeth at the bare possibility of her doing so even by compulsion. He thought it not unnatural that she should sit ten even with pleasure to the soft flatteries of Carlton Stanhope; he was young, handsome, frank, full of animation and agreeable observation, which, if according to nothing in themselves, are always acceptable to the gentle sex. But he felt it to be odiously preposterous for her to submit to the repulsive attentions of Philip Avon.

He felt that, had he beheld her, in that mild, listening attitude, hanging on Philip Avon's arm, he should have forgotten all—wildly, madly risked the happiness of his future career, and dashed his flat in the hated fellow's face.

He did not suffer his eye to dwell upon her pale and beautiful features for more than an instant; he did not seek to catch her glance, he knew not why; he was unconscious, therefore, whether she had perceived him as he passed, and having once quitted the brilliant hall, glittering with gay and distinguished throng, he seemed to have no heart to re-enter it.

Once only he was moved to retrace his steps. It was by the thought that, Lady Maud being present, Philip Avon might be there too, though engaged at some other part of the salon at the moment he passed through it with Violet. Then he remembered the severity of the wounds he had inflicted upon him, and doubted that, even with youth and strength in his favor, he could have so far recovered as to mingle in scenes of excitement such as the Marquis of Chillingham's assembly.

He had an almost irresistible desire to know of the condition of Philip Avon. Since he had fled from the Chase, leaving his bleeding body upon the ground, he had not heard his name fall from any lip, and he wanted to know whether it was his purpose to return to his wretched life, or whether he had been

taken, and under what auspices it would be prosecuted—whether the Lady Maud would turn a dull ear to his offensive protestations, or whether, tender and yielding in her nature, she would obey the commands of Lord Kingswood and become his bride. He turned cold and sick, and then hot and furious, at the thought.

He, too, had a strange yearning to revisit Kingswood. He had a strong desire to re-enter the old library once more and again peruse the words which had opened the eyes of his heart, and to try and discover whether Lady Maud had touched it since he, after writing these lines on the margin, had replaced it in its old resting-place on the time-worn shelf.

If she had? He passed his hand over his heated brow, and drew a long breath. If she had, she might have added a word—only a word—either as punishment for his temerity, or in delicious confession that she had not been offended by the spontaneous offering of a faithful, undivided, unselfish, adoring heart.

He yet had the key which, by the ancient outlet, would admit him to the haunted chambers. There he could obtain the key of the library, and in the silent night, by the aid of a lamp, he could gratify his longing wish.

He decided to again visit Kingswood in secret and in the night. If seen, he would be regarded only as the phantom said to flit about the ancient portion of Kingswood Hall and to wander about the Chase.

This was a resolution which, though abruptly formed, could not be carried out at a moment's notice; but he determined not to lose any opportunity which might at an early period be available.

In the meanwhile he submitted himself patiently to the direction of Ishmael. He was already a finished fencer, marksman, rider, and, in fact, was master of all manly accomplishments; but still he attended persistently the best schools in familiarity of association, diminishing the awe he sought to inspire was left unexplained. Erie and Violet, but rarely met, and when they did, only for a second unattended by Ishmael. When he visited either, which was but seldom, it was only with a view of enforcing some point of action which should aid in furthering his terrible and relentless designs upon Lord Kingswood.

One morning, however, Erie having equipped himself for a ride, resolved upon taking this opportunity to make a morning call upon the Stanhopes. Ishmael had urged him to cultivate the acquaintance of Sir Harris Stanhope, with this counsel—that he was to listen attentively to all that fell from the old baronet's lips, but to keep a padlock upon his own tongue on all matters relative to himself and those connected with him.

He was directed to reap, not to sow.

As he was about to quit his apartment he was startled by perceiving Violet just within the threshold of the door.

She had closed it behind her, and stood gazing upon him with her finger upon her lip.

He had not seen her since the night at the Marquis of Chillingham's. He knew that she had fainted, for he assisted to convey her to the couch upon which, under the superintendence of the Marquis of Chillingham, she was laid; but Ishmael had dismissed him with a few words, suggesting that, unused to the excitement of so brilliant a scene as that she had entered hand-in-hand with him, she had been overcome by it. From that hour to the present moment he had not seen her.

By inquiry he knew that she was indisposed, but he was not prepared to find her with a face so wan and woe-begone, a frame so feeble and delicate that it seemed as though she would, unless at once supported, sink from mere powerlessness, prostrate upon the ground.

And it occurred to him by an instantaneous flash of thought, that the nature of the best of the human race are self-haters; that their instincts are selfish; that even the griefs, the sorrows, the joys and the pleasures of life, are but a long succession of selfish emotions.

He had been thinking of his future, of his past, of Lady Maud St. Clair, of the revelations which awaited him, of the position he should eventually take up in society, of everything but her who shared with him the mystery which hung over their origins, the cloud that rested on their fate, the thralldom which made him reticent, and her—what he beheld.

A pang smote his heart, and a heat-flush of shame passed across his brow, as he felt that he had thoughtlessly neglected her, and that she needed the sympathy and the solace of friendship yet more than he did.

It seemed to her that he stood long regarding her, and she lifted her clasped hands entreatingly towards him.

"You, too, will not turn from me?" she murmured.

He advanced quickly to her, and she sank into his arms and sobbed upon his breast.

And he whispered gentle, soothing words in her ears, and he prayed her to calm and compose herself, and told her if she had sorrows and wrongs to unburden that he might do so freely to him, for he would serve her as a brother.

"I have already promised you," he said, "that I would be a true and faithful friend to you, because there exists a common tie of sympathy between us. Ishmael has told us this for that we have both been deprived of even the knowledge of our parents, and have both been reared in isolation. He has entrusted you, indeed, in his absence to my keeping, and you will hardly have forgotten the words with which he placed your hand, Violet, in mine."

She upraised her moistened eyes to his, and she said, in low, tremulous tones, but strangely clear and distinct, words which made him thrill to the very marrow with awe.

"I scarce know what I am, or what thou art. I am not a creature fitted to this place. My home is in the woods, in the shadowy coverts, in the leafy recesses, where my eyes can gaze upwards and see the bright, free sky between the many-shaped interstices, where my hands can pluck the bright, glowing flowers, and my feet press lightly the softly yielding grass. I cannot bear this massive, solid house, these gilded, heated rooms, this pomp, these strange beings, waiting about us, watching our steps, our movements, glaring at us. Take me away!"

"Violet!" he softly ejaculated, gazing uneasily at the wild expression in her eyes.

"Take me away," she whispered, clinging closer to him, and bending upon him a passionately appealing look. "You have power. You are the spirit who roams at night, and in the moonbeams in the Chase. I have seen your form in the misty hollows. I have seen you glide like a fleecy cloud down the glade. I have seen your solemn eyes upturned to my chamber window in the old hunting tower. I have heard your long, long sigh of agony—oh, how its prolonged, pitiful moan has made my blood curdle and my flesh crawl and creep! I have heard your bitter wail of repentance for her—for her lost to you for ever, for her you loved—and slew—slew. Oh, go—go—go. No, I dare not trust you, for even you raised the red right hand you bear to crimson it yet deeper in the heart's blood of her you sought to love. Love—love; oh, men never love, they woo only to deceive and to destroy. Go, I will not trust you!"

She abruptly wrenched herself from his embrace, and made for the door, but he placed himself in her way. He turned the key in the lock, and he placed his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Violet," he said, in his tenderest tones, "dear Violet, listen to me. Compose yourself. Think steadfastly what you are, and I will tell you what I am—I am no spirit. Neither are you, but a young, delicate girl, reared in the heart of a lone wood, and suddenly transplanted into the centre of a gay and exciting metropolis, which bewilders and terrifies you, and which saddens and prostrates you because you believe that within it you have discovered that man is treacherous, heartless, false, fashioned only to dupe, to plunder maidens' hearts, and to betray."

Violet, who had buried her face in her hands, withdrew them from before it, and raising it, said,

"It is so."

"No," he responded, emphatically.

She looked at him anxiously around her. She turned her large eyes to the window, and looked up at the clear, sunny sky, and then spreading her hands to him, she exclaimed,

"Take me back to Kingswood!"

He took her hands in his, and looked sadly in her face. He remained silent, for his brain was full of strange, unutterable thoughts.

"It matters little what I am," she continued, in a plaintive voice. "Ishmael tells me I have a destiny to fulfil. Let me fulfil it there. I was happy there—I can be happy there again—in a grave. I ask only to be taken there to lay down and rest beneath a tree which overhangs the running stream, listening patiently to his never ending warblings. My happiness blossomed there—it perished when I was torn away from it."

She bowed her weeping eyes upon her hand.

He bent over her head, and whispered in her ear,

"Cyril!"

The effect was electric. She threw up her head with her white face turned towards him, and said, with bitter emphasis,

"Speak not his name to me; he is false!"

Erie gazed steadfastly at her eyes, and said,

"Who hath told you so?"

"I saw him," she answered, in a voice of forced articulation. "He turned his gaze from me. I appealed to him with beseeching look to speak to me—he turned from me coldly, silently, cruelly—cruelly!"

"Where did he do this?" he inquired, quietly but earnestly.

"In that great flashing, brilliant hall, where the sounds of music distracted my brain, and the throngs of human creatures bewildered me," she returned, excitedly.

"Yet you saw him?" he asked.

"And should there be ten thousand lights and myriads of beings whirling and darting to and fro," she returned, quickly. "He too, beheld me—and he would not speak one word. I would have dared all—even though I had fallen dead at his feet. I would have spoken to him, if but only one little word—his lips moved not even to speak to me!"

"Violet," said Erie, with a tone of voice not stern, nor yet harsh, but so emphatic as to strike something of the character of both, "you have known Cyril Kingswood for years?"

"Since our days of childhood, when we first met in the depths of the Chase," she returned, in a faint voice.

"In all those years did Cyril ever break you a promise he had made?" he asked.

"Never," she replied, quickly and emphatically.

"He came to you at all times and seasons, in the storm as in the fair weather; in the driving sleet as in the sunshine; at the dawn, or at the sunset; never failing if he had promised?"

"Never," she returned, musingly. "He brought to me once a silver horn, and when I wished to see him, and he was not near, I sounded a note upon it. It was not always I could keep my trust—the presence of Ishmael prevented me at times."

"But he came whenever you summoned him?" said Erie.

"Oh, yes. Ever—ever! I was as sure of his coming as of the sun at the dawning," she replied, eagerly, an expression of pleased remembrance passing over her features.

"And during all these years, Violet, he professed to love you?" he interrogated, earnestly.

"Indeed he did, fondly, ardently," she returned, faintly.

"And of the honor, the truth and the purity of his love you had no cause to doubt?" he asked, with a strong stress on the one most important word in the sentence.

She seemed to understand him, for a faint hue of crimson suffused her cheeks and forehead.

"He appeared to be honorable, and then all truth, as I take heaven to witness, to the purity of his love," she replied, speaking with ardor.

"When I met you in the moonlight, by the side of the stream of which you have spoken, and to which you have expressed a wish to return," continued Erie, gravely, "you said that Ishmael had separated you from Cyril."

"He did," she replied, in a low tone.

"In that hour what said Cyril Kingswood to Ishmael?" interrogated Erie, with a steadfast gaze upon her face.

Her countenance lighted up with a sudden enthusiasm. She clasped her hands together, and with animation, said—

"He upraised his hands to heaven, and said, 'If I have won her heart, my hand, my love, my life shall be devoted to her.'"

"And Ishmael?" asked Erie.

"Scorned, spurned him," she answered. "He fartened Tubal Kish upon him, and—"

"I know the rest," interposed Erie, and added with solemnity, "by the will of Providence, I broke through an impending thicket to arrest a ruffian's hand, grasping a wood knife, raised to plunge in his heart."

"Violet uttered a low shriek of horror."

"The hand was that of Tubal Kish," continued Erie. "Cyril Kingswood, in his maddened struggles to rejoin you when borne from him, met with a most a death-blow. To me, Violet, and think before you answer me, what is there in all this conduct to raise a suspicion in your mind that Cyril Kingswood is false, treacherous, perjured?"

She uttered a faint cry and staggered back. She pressed her hands upon her temples and gazed on Erie affrightedly.

"For long years he has devoted himself to you," continued Erie, emphatically. "In every test—unintentionally, it is true, but not the less a test prepared for him—he has proved neither false, frivolous, weak, or infirm in his truth. You were separated from him, not he from you; what, therefore, is there in the history of the past that you should judge of him so harshly for one yet unexplained act of the present? What has he done beyond all extension or forgiveness, that you should weep your life away in hopeless sorrow? Does your own heart, your own reason, your own hope in the future, find no plea for him? Do you believe the whole human race vile? No. Yet, if there are exceptions, why not he among them, Violet? You have seen strange and inexplicable things in your woodland life. You have beheld the bird chase the butterfly to destroy it—the hawk pursue the sparrow to slay it. You have seen the lightning stroke prostrate a fair and noble tree, and it has seemed to you strange and pitiful, and yet you have been taught that it is for a wise and beneficent purpose. Hard to believe, yet you have yet had faith in the wisdom and the goodness of Almighty Heaven. What is all your weeping and your sorrow, your repining and your heart-breaking? You are yet separated from Cyril by a test of his love, who exercises power over you yet and over me. Would you have Cyril lack faith in you because he is kept from you, because he sees you not, knows not whether you wander, or with whom? Would you have him, upon an impression which might be explained away, believe you to be false, perjured, faithless?"

"He wrong her hands, but could not utter a word."

"I, too, love," he cried, with sudden energy. "It may be that I may never more speak one simple word to her who holds my heart. I may never again touch her hand, or bend my fond eyes on hers, but I have unbounded faith in her spotless integrity. Though worlds divided us, I would laugh to scorn all calumnies, all imputations uttered to weaken my faith in her. She alone, by her words to me, more than by her acts to others, should convince me."

Violet, sobbing hysterically, leaned her head upon his shoulder. He took her hand and pressed it.

"Your position is a painful one, Violet," he added, gently and kindly. "You, as myself, are surrounded by mysteries which are like entangling webs, but I will cut my way free through them, and sister in isolation, in tribulation, in strange, undefined orphanage, I will lift you up to happiness with me, or heaven fall me when most I need its most beneficent aid."

"I am but a child in this strange world's ways," she murmured, through her tears, "but your words have made me stronger and more hopeful. I have been troubled by what I have been told; yet, oh, my own heart is faithful—and he so good, so generous, so noble, so pure—I will not believe he can be false to me."

"Yet we shall prove it," said Ishmael, harshly, as he suddenly appeared from a recess hidden by a curtain.

Violet shrieked, and retreated from him with a shudder.

An expression of indescribable pain passed over his face, and he almost closed his eyes, upon the lashes of which drops of moisture clustered thickly, as he said—

"Do not fear me, poor girl. Well, my lessons of the world are hard to learn. I would save you from the agony of facing your faith to be a rotten reed; but take your own way now, indulge in your day-dream, the awakening will come, and too soon be it when it may."

He turned to Erie, who stood regarding him with a fiery and indignant expression on his features.

"I have played the part of the eavesdropper," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I did not intend to, but I, too, have learned a lesson by it. Boy, you reason readily, but your reasoning would conduct an unsuspecting lamb into the rapacious jaws of a remorseless wolf. Violet, my love," he exclaimed, turning to her, and addressing her in kind tones, but with a totally altered manner, "I wish you to accompany me in a ride. You will join us, Erie. I have news for you which may probably go some way to upset your golden age theories."

Violet turned a grateful look on Erie, as in pained obedience, she quitted the apartment, and he, with a frown yet upon his bright young brow, followed the footsteps of Ishmael as he, too, left the chamber.

(To be continued.)

## OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. V. M., Detroit.—Your diagram was unfortunately lost after reaching the engraver. Will you send us a duplicate?

W. B. S., Williamsburg.—There will be no delay in furnishing you with a duplicate of the table manufactured for Berger, as there are several already finished. You had better call at the factory, 67 Crosby street, and judge for yourself about the size.

EDITOR OF BILLIARD COLUMN.—In reading the account of the Amateur Tournament, published this week, mention is made of an "around the table" game; will you define the term? and oblige yours,

THEO? The around the table game is simply the American four ball game, with the pocketing of the red balls limited to once off the spot; or, as it is technically termed, "hitting the spot ball."

### THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS IN THE WEST.—Recent advices from Cincinnati inform us that Mr. Westcott, of Detroit, and Mr. Parker, of Milwaukee, have lately paid a visit to that city, and some fine billiard playing has been the consequence. Mr. Westcott played a game of ten points, caroms, with a very promising young player employed at the Buckeye Saloon, named Dorrance, and the Detroit player was beaten 100 points. There was also a public billiard exhibition given, the proceeds being devoted to a charitable purpose, in which all the above-mentioned gentlemen participated. Dorrance played with Parker and also with Westcott, and conquered them both. Dorrance and Westcott played together, and the Detroit champion was again defeated. Mr. Dorrance seems to have played very badly in Cincinnati, or, perhaps, the players there are too strong for him.

The Amateur Tournament, the progress of which we detailed in our column of last week, meets with greater favor than ever, and a great excitement was created last Friday evening at Phelan's by an extraordinary run, made by a young amateur, at the game of caroms pool. This gentleman already stood highest on the list at this game, having made a run of 1,500 points a few evenings previous. On the evening in question, the player, in making the first stroke from the head of the table, left the cue ball in contact with one of the red balls; he attempted the difficult shot laid down in the accompanying diagram, and succeeded in making a fine stroke, and leaving the balls in the position marked A. In the diagram, ball No. 1 being the cue ball. From a break thus gained he made the astonishing run of 891 points, which, with the 7 already scored, gave him 900—the last shot being made by a cue ball play. With the exception of six shots, the run was made entirely off the red and white balls; had they been the two reds, the score would have been over 1,500. The time occupied was about three quarters of an hour, and at the conclusion the player was warmly applauded, by an audience of nearly a hundred spectators, who, after the first hundred points had been made, gradually assembled around the table. This was as genuine and bonafide run as could possibly be, there being not a foul shot or scratch made during the run.

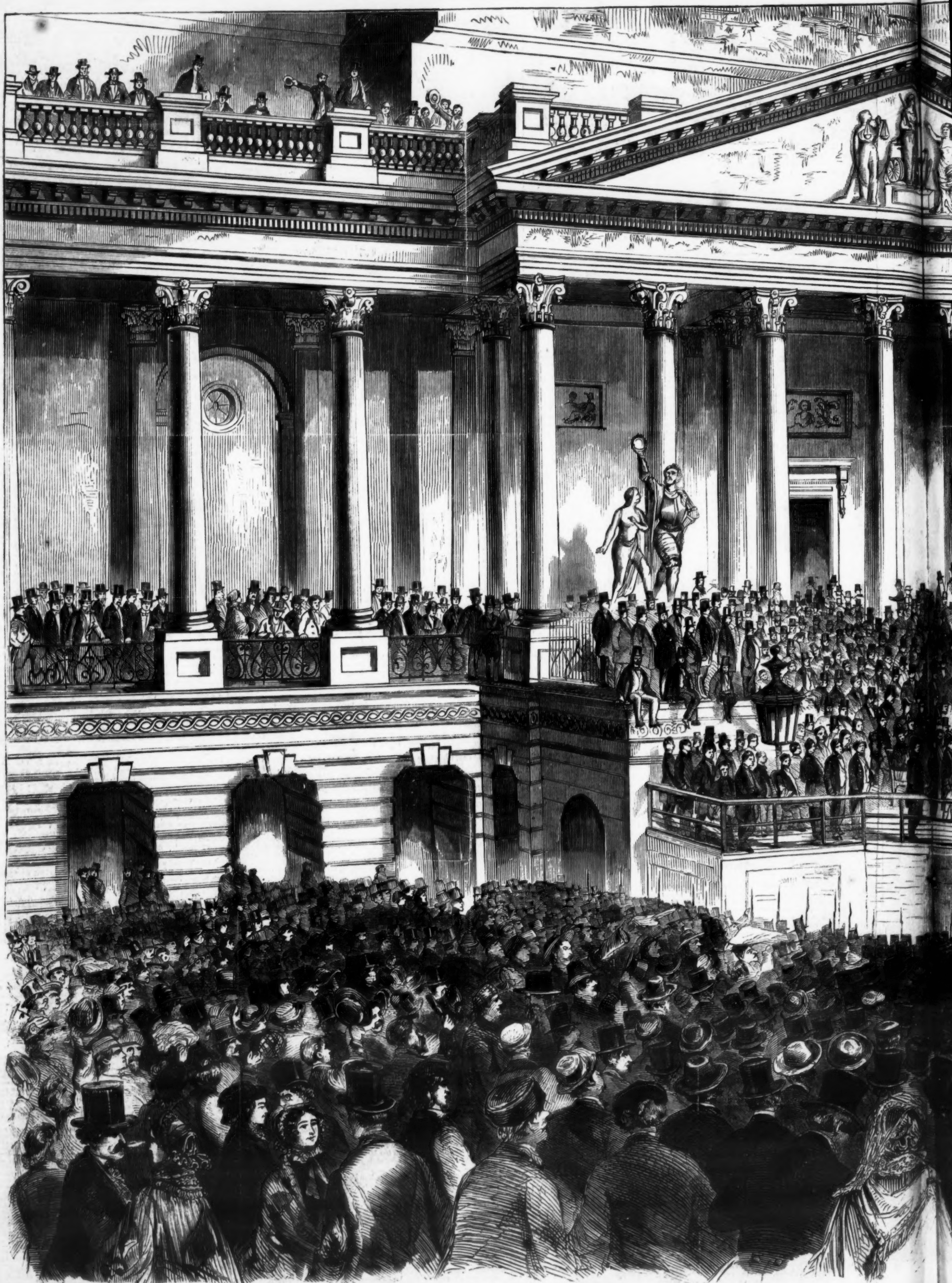
The Tournament Bulletin stands, as we go to press:

Around the table ..... 67  
Four ball caroms ..... 40  
Three ball French ..... 30  
Carom pool ..... 200

The run of 30 at the French game is also an extraordinary run, and will be found extremely difficult to beat. The prize table intended for this tournament will soon be up, for exhibition at Mr. Phelan's room, as will also the table intended for the prize ball game. This latter table will be the handsomest ever manufactured in this country.

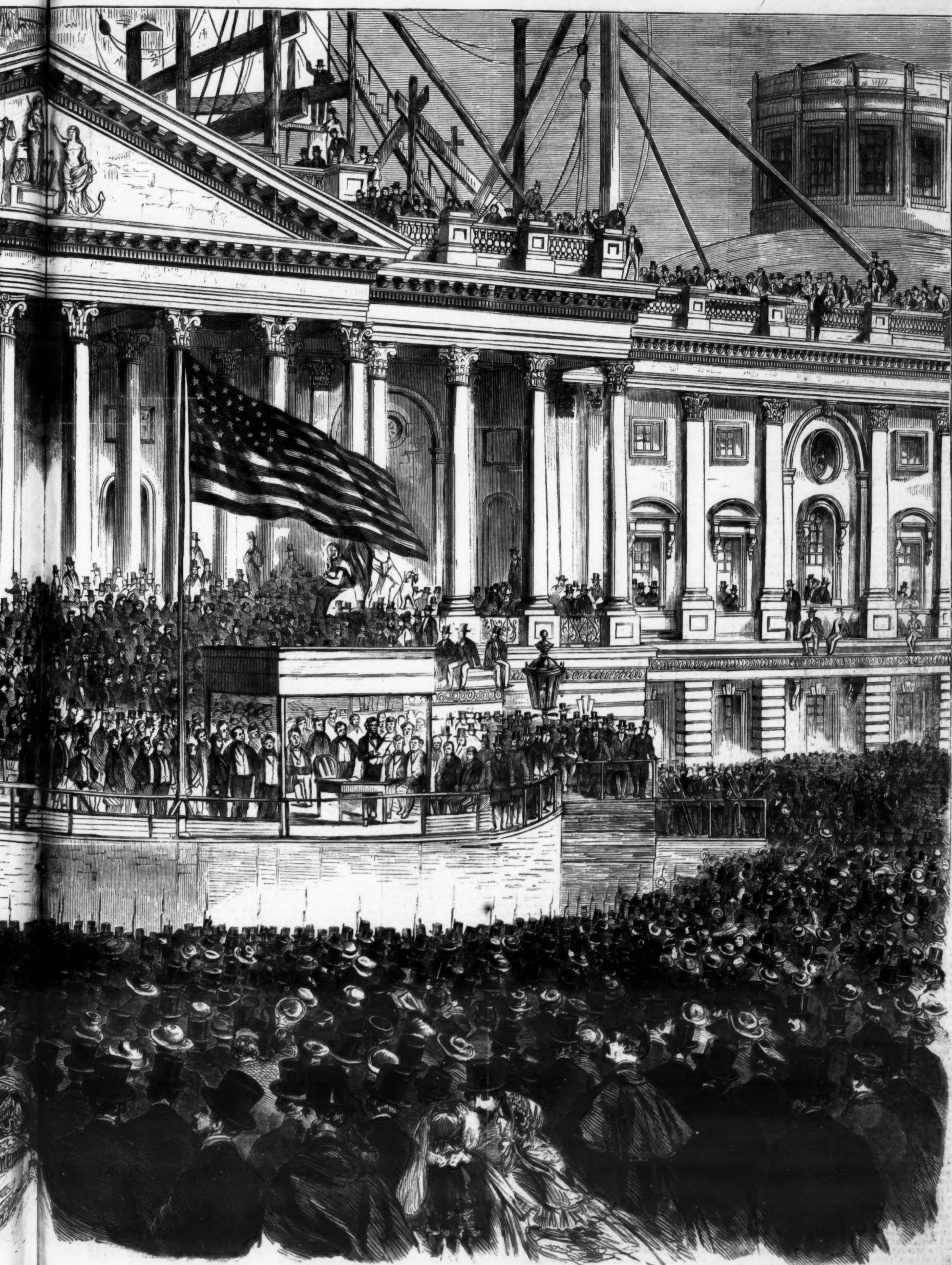
We have every reason to believe that the following named gentlemen, among others, will enter the lists of the tournament next June: Messrs. Dorrance and Dearing, of Cincinnati; Messrs. Bird and Stephens, of Philadelphia; Fox, of Syracuse; and White and Kavanagh, of this city. Should these players all enter, the contest will be grand indeed. If the result of Mr. Bird's play is any guide, the tournament last year's champion, he also will be of the contestants. He is a superb player in snooker, and we hope will be well enough by June to play with his usual strength.





INAUGURATION OF THE SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.  
OATH OF OFFICE FROM CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY, MARCH 4, 1861.





WASHINGTON, D. C.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT-ELECT, READING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS, PREVIOUS TO RECEIVING THE  
Y, MARCH 4TH, 1861.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STACY.—SEE PAGE 259.



## THE FAITHLESS PRIEST; OR, MY FIRST TEMPTATION.

By Carrie Hale.

### CHAPTER IV.

Spring came again, joyous, budding, bursting spring; but its warm, sunny days did not fill me with the same rich flow of animal life it had always brought before. Mrs. Wells said, I had grown sober; the children complained that I played with them no longer, and I was more thoughtful. Childhood was merging into womanhood. Coming events were casting shadows before, and that "something sweet," which "follows youth with flying feet," was going, going, never to come again.

I was working in the garden, one morning, when I felt the magnetism of a well-known presence enter it, but I did not look up until it came near, and a low voice spoke my name.

He turned to see no one was near, and then bending, until his lips almost touched my cheek, he repeated,

"Meet me by moonlight alone,  
In the bower at the foot of the hill;  
Meet me by moonlight alone,  
When the great world is dreamy and still;  
Meet me when soft shadows lie,  
Nestled 'neath mountain and grove,  
Meet me when eve's saphyrs sigh,  
That I may whisper my love."

"Do you understand? Come to-night; I am going away, and not expected until late. If I am not there, remain until I come." I had not time to answer before he was gone, but I was to meet him secretly, and that was enough to make me tremble, aside from the conflict that guilty joy and fear were having in my breast, and I felt that self-consciousness which is the charm of innocence flee from me in that hour.

I bathed my flushed face again and again, and could not look at Mrs. Wells, lest she should read in my eyes, or my beating heart should tell what it most wished concealed. I knew it was wrong to deceive one who had been so kind to me and who still trusted me implicitly, and I could not have done it alone, for I felt the wrong as one feels it who deceives for the first time, and suspicion and doubt flapped their dark wings in the distance, and their hurried whisperings reached me from afar; but I could not yet resist the smiling tempter that lured me, with honeyed words, to such sweet destruction.

I waited until all was still, and Mrs. Wells' heavy breathing showed she could not easily be disturbed and then crept softly out, still unsuspecting the confession that night was to hear.

The hushed flowers were sleeping, with folded petals and drooping heads, or their innocent gaze might have driven me back and hamed; but the soft, voluptuous moonlight, resting in the arms of dark-browed night and dense with the magical enchantments of love, breathed upon their chaste beauty unheeded, while it hastened me on to rip of sweets that, quickly passing, left but the wormwood and the gall.

Of this last I felt something, for even my shadow disturbed me, as it followed along the path; but Mr. Wells was waiting at the gate, and once magnetized by his presence, every unwelcome thought and every suspicious doubt vanished, and I trusted my erring mentor as implicitly as at first.

"I feared you would not come," he whispered, and pressing my hand to his lips, he led me away.

He seated me close beside him, and did not speak until I could hear my heart beating in time to the mysterious voice of silence.

"Elen, you tremble; you are not afraid of me?"

"Oh, no!"

"You wonder," he continued, "that I sent for you, but I wished so much to be with you alone, I could not resist it; perhaps it were better I had left you to sleep. Is it so, darling? Have I done wrong?"

Had I thought it a thousand times, I could not have repulsed the pleading tenderness of his manner by saying Yes, and I took both his hands in mine and let that answer him.

"You are so like her," and he spoke reverently as of Heaven, "your hair, your eyes, your mouth, your forehead, your quiet, trusting ways. Oh, Elen, I love to feel you near me, and if you could be always thus, I would thank God and be content."

"You never have told me of her."

"No, I never have told you," he repeated, "the story was too sad, too bitter, too to-night you lessen its bitterness."

"Ten years ago—oh, how long and wearisome they have been! ten years to-night, and on just such a night as this she promised to be mine—all mine, and for ever mine. I cannot tell you how she looked, only she was like you, and she was all in the world that was beautiful or worth possessing. I poured out the whole wealth of my soul at her feet. I loved her as few can love, and I pledged my faith, in the happy consciousness that she lived but for me—that my love was returned as only a woman could return it, and that but once."

"Did she die?" I asked.

"Oh, if she had died then, I might have forgiven myself this perjury of my soul, as she forgave me long ago, but I cannot now."

"It is an old story, but none the easier to bear."

"I had a rival, and in all the trustfulness of first love I never dreamed my friend could deceive or that any outward circumstances could have power to change it, but how little we know."

"We were to be separated a short time, my first Ellen and I, and in some way, I never knew how; whispering tongues had poisoned truth and she was made to believe me false."

"I went to see her, but she refused to meet me. She would not even reveal the name of her murderer and mine, but my suspicions were fastened upon my friend so strongly, that they amounted to certainty, and I was so maddened that, unable to wait, for delaying Heaven, I would, by this right hand, have sent him with Judas 'to his own place,' but, fortunately, before I became so exasperated, he was far out of my power."

"Woman had lost her charms, and among them all I had no choice left."

"In this morbid condition I met Jane; her calmness soothed me; her kind heart pitied me. She was surprised that I asked it, but willing to comfort me, she consented to be my wife—thus pity, in her divinest garments clad, often harms us more than what was intended to be the cruellest revenge."

"She did not love me then; she never loved me, and it was well she did not, for what followed would have pained her all too much."

"Thus I lived, calmed in the dead sea of my despair, until a few months after I found a note upon my table. I knew the writing. I pressed it to my lips, and my whole being thrilled beneath the touch, as though it had been the lips of her who had wrote it."

"The delusion lasted but a moment, and then I knew the great gulf between us—a gulf as impassable as that which separates the damned from Abraham's bosom, and in my impotent rage I could have crushed, like a dried leaf in my hand, a society that, for one inconsiderate act, doomed me to a life of wretchedness, and I madly swore that God, and not man, should part me from her."

"The letter was quietly sweet and beautiful. She had discovered her mistake, and only wished to confess that she wronged me in believing others, and she begged me, in memory of the great love that had once been, to forgive what a life of pain, on her part, must expiate. She knew her confession came too late, and glad to have her faith in me restored, she accepted the penalty."

"I tried to answer her, but the pen mocked my desire, for self-expression and poverty and distance were the impediments of a straw against my eager wish. I made some trifling excuse to Jane, and in two hours I was on my way."

"The unavoidable delays of travelling seemed immeasurable, and the greatest speed of the rail-car most tormentingly slow, until I came in sight of her home, and then the atmosphere grew stifling with forebodings and sickened my heart, like the sound of the earth that falls upon the coffin of all we love in the world."

"I knocked at the door, and the sound was like a death-knell."

"The servant, in answer to my eager inquiries, said, 'Miss Ellen is ill, and none is allowed to see her.'"

"I am an old friend of hers and must see her."

"Excuse me," she replied, with most formidable politeness, "but I have positive instructions to admit no one."

"I must see her," I repeated, more impatient than at first, "and will see her."

"My imperious manner disturbed her, and she looked somewhat frightened, yet she persisted."

"I wish you would leave; Miss Ellen was taken strangely worse yesterday, and she would not know you."

"Feeling all remonstrance was useless, she left me standing in the hall, and through the opened door a wail reached me, sad and wild as the autumn wind sighing through leafless trees at midnight, and then I heard my name."

"Nothing then could delay me, and I hastened, unceremoniously, to her room."

"There was my Ellen, white as the pale couch upon which she lay. Her mother was watching beside her, vainly trying to soothe her restless wanderings. She had never seen me, and when I told my name she looked at me and then at her with a look so hopeless in its appealing, that it might have moved the absolutism of law itself, and then with a groan she fell back senseless."

"The servants took her away, and left me undisturbed by the bedside of the only one who could be truly my wife. My presence seemed to soothe her at first, for she let her snowy little hand nestle in mine, and looking up confidently, as in the happy days gone by, she whispered,

"He will come to-night. I know he will, the angels have told me so."

"Then her look changed, and that wail commenced again."

"He will come too late—too late. Oh, Clinton Wells, why did I love you, and why did I leave you?" Thus, for seven sleepless days and nights I watched and waited and prayed that she might know me, and on the morning of the eighth the answer came.

"I knew you would come," she said, with a sweet, sad smile of welcome; "that you would not leave me to die alone."

"And I could only clasp her in my arms and call her mine."

"Yours only in Heaven," she murmured, and breathing words of love and blessing, her life went out close by the bleeding fountain of my own."

I had listened intently, my head resting low upon his bosom, rocked by the swelling waves that moved him; and when he paused a burning flood mingled with my tears, while I felt innumerable rills, gushing from the spring of my young life, flow with delicious charm to replenish the exhausted fountain of his own."

"And this is why he is so fond of me," I said to myself, and the thought, instead of giving me pain, made my heart leap in glad thankfulness to the Providence that made me like one loved reverently through long years by one so noble and so worthy."

After he had grown calmer he went on.

"I came back to the desolate spot they called my home, scarred and wounded—with life one boundless Sahara, cheered by no green oasis, watered by no living stream—while I stood, almost at the entrance, a gnarled and distorted oak, whom the storm and the whirlwind had striven pitilessly to kill, and the fierce sun and lightning had scorched to its very roots in vain."

"Oh! it is a sad, sad thing for one so young to be living thus, at what should be the bright dawn of his manhood's hopes and aims—living because he must, because he cannot die without cowardly incurring a more terrible doom."

"Did Jane know this?"

"Yes, she knew it all, yet she was more kind and gentle than ever. If I wished her near me, she came; if her presence irritated me, she was content to leave me alone."

"You think she deserved love, and she did; but could I have given her the one, she never sent her own seeking, it would only have burdened her. She found life in her children; but could they still fly the yearnings of a heart like mine?"

"Does the picture I have given of myself make you shudder, Ellen? It need not, for to you is given the power to bring me water from the fabled fountain of immortal youth."

"You are young and beautiful, I know; but is it too much to ask of you to be the guiding star to an unloved, uncomfortable man like me—a star, pure as the one you see yonder, to lead me to a higher and holier destiny?"

"God sent you, Ellen—from my inmost heart I believe it—sent you to save me, to bring me back to life—to be my redeemer—to fill the place of the one he has taken, and make my barren desert smile with blossoming flowers."

"Will you accept the trust?" and the infinite love and tenderness that he breathed in my ear moved me, until—had I been a crowned angel of light, singing amidst the white-robed throng, with golden harps before the throne of God—I would have cast my robes aside, torn the crown from my brow, and forgetting the new song Heaven had taught me, come joyfully back to our sin-tempting earth to be his saviour and rest upon his bosom. And thus I rested until the morning, blushing at its daring, brushed out the sensuous moon and singing stars, and bade secret lovers flee for safety."

Half ashamed at the necessary caution, though given so delicately, I hastened back with fear, crouching under my great joy, lest some stray riser of the household should discover a token of my disgrace in an unpressed pillow."

### CHAPTER V.

"What time were you home last night?" asked Mrs. Wells, at breakfast.

"I was detained longer than I intended," he answered, carelessly.

"I do not know the hour."

"It must have been very late," she observed, "though I did not hear you. Did you, Ellen?"

I denied the truth, and felt the fiery flashes crimsoning my face for my first falsehood.

If she noticed it, she made no farther remark, for Mr. Wells, who had resumed the reading of his paper, shrugged his shoulders, to show he did not wish to be disturbed.

It was a small annoyance, but it made me ask again, why some spectre of evil must for ever mar and make earthly what might be the bliss of Heaven? why must a love sinless as ours be cradled in secrecy and deceit? and the tempter whispered, "Society alone can answer you. Lament not the small sacrifice the favoring Fates demand, and they would weave your hours of the sunrays of love; and hushing every warning voice that would have whispered of sin, I rocked in the first circling eddies of a juggling maelstrom—I lingered in delirious dreams of bliss, such as no bacchanal divinity, with all their sorceries, have been able to offer deluded humanity; but alas! they were as fleeting; for sin, though it came to us in the livery of Heaven, must ever bring its own reward, and my cicero had discarded principle and allowed himself to be the sport of vagrant impulses; while his uncurbed passions never rested until they had obtained all their desire. But I did not understand yet what life's bitterest lesson was soon to teach me."

Many weeks had not passed before I noticed Mr. Wells growing restless and uneasy; not that he loved me less; on the contrary, he grew more and more demonstrative, until his caresses half-burdened me with their excess, and I wished he would talk with me as before he thought of love, and let me rest from them awhile, and he did let me rest; his mood had changed, and I waited for him vainly in the accustomed place.

Why was it? I asked my mirror; but it told a no less flattering tale than it had often told before; my form was as well rounded, my eyes were as brightly blue, my curls as softly brown, and the roses on my cheek were as when he had first called me beautiful. It could not be he had tired of me. Oh! no, I would never be jealous; he must have some good reason and I would ask it. I made an effort, but his cold abstracted manner distanced me.

Perhaps Mrs. Wells had learned the secret; but that could not be, she had never treated me more kindly. He must have some trouble he had never revealed, and it was wrong in him not to share it with me, very wrong. Then I wept and listened for his footsteps, but he did not come, and I wept again, until hope, nestling under my pillow, murmured, "He will come to-morrow!" and on the morrow I laughed and sang until Mrs. Wells asked why I was so happy; then I grew weary as hope deferred, and wept and prayed again.

Thus fearful days and sleepless nights did their work, and I grew paler and weak until I could not rise.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Wells. "You are looking so badly of late, something must be done."

I objected—it was only a headache; I had worked too hard and sat up late; I only needed sleep and rest, and so she left me alone to toss upon my comfortless pillow, while the barred arrows of her kindness pierced my sinning soul with new wounds. Still I could not repent.

The door was left open, and I heard,

"I cannot persuade her to have anything done, yet she is really ill, and, I think, needs a physician."

The reply was spoken too low to reach me, but not long after I heard the well-known footfall.

I did not bid him come in, but covered my face with the snowy

drapery, I did not like that he should see it so disfigured with weeping.

"Are you not willing to see me?" he asked. "I did not know you were ill until now, though I missed you at breakfast."

"Can I do nothing for you, dear?" and there was the old tenderness in his manner, as he gently uncovered my face, and bade me look up.

"I know what you would say, Ellen; but I knew I troubled you, that you had grown indifferent, that you avoided me, and so, for your sake, I have spent these miserable days alone. If you only knew how much I have suffered; but— Oh, Ellen! Ellen!"

I was prepared for anything but this, and a fresh burst of tears answered him.

"I did not mean to pain you, darling. Forgive me, that I have done so. I have no right to blame you; and I do not, believe me, I do not, for I can never be worthy of a pure, fresh love like yours. I know it—I feel it—and it is too much that I have asked it. Oh, Ellen! Ellen!"

He stopped, laid his head upon the pillow so that his face touched mine, and the hot tears fell upon my neck—tears eloquent in waking my laggard tongue to a confession such as could but satisfy the most exacting of lovers, such as brought back all the tarrying love I had missed, and such as made the designing heart of my guide smile with self-congratulation.

Then a few more happy days were passed, though not so blindly as at first, for the sorrowful ones had left a scar, conscience was whispering louder, and the cords that drew me up from childhood to womanhood were growing tighter and their wounds deeper, while I grew more powerless to sunder them.

I said again and again I would not think of all this, that I should be quite happy if I could tell my secret, and so I told to the woods and the streams what the ears of no friend might hear. I whispered it to the summer wind, and the sylvan songsters, catching its perfume, filled the Heavens with the music of its harmony.

One morning Mrs. Wells sent for me. She had concluded to spend a few weeks away, could I stay alone? She knew it would be lonely for me, but she had long desired the proposed visit, and Mr. Wells had very unexpectedly consented. She feared he could not afford it, but he knew how much she wished to go, and he was very kind. She disliked to leave him, for though he might seem indifferent to one who did not understand him, she knew him better, and I must take good care of him.

With mingled feelings I assisted in making the necessary preparations. Mr. Wells was more demonstrative in his kindness toward her than I had ever seen him, while his polite indifference to me would have hushed suspicion in the bosom of the most watchful.

"Take good care of Mr. Wells, and be a good girl till I come back," she said, with her usual kindness, as I kissed the children a last good-bye upon the steps.

I turned and ran back into the house, to hide the tears that would come in spite of me.

It was strange that I should weep, when the great obstruction that separated me from that free expression of love was being taken away. Yet I did it in the spontaneous honesty of an unperverted nature, really true in its friendship, even the friendship it was cruelly deceiving, but deceiving with a pain none know save those who have felt it.

"We are really alone under our own vine and fig-tree," said Mr. Wells, with a smile of relief upon his face, as he took a book and commenced reading aloud.

I watched him, more absorbed in my own thoughts than in what he read.

Oh, why did I curse myself with loving one who could perjure all his actions, who could vow, and, for neglecting it, plead? It was the work of an excited hour. Why would I persist in remaining a slave when freedom stood beckoning me from bondage? why did I love when love itself was pain? and where, oh, where would such love end?

When it was too dark to read he called me to him. I had no will but his, and I went as though it were infinite pleasure. Perhaps it was.

"Ellen," he said, "I can live this way no longer. I am ready to sacrifice home, family, friends, reputation, anything, everything, but you must be mine!" and he clasped me in his arms with an intensity of passion I had never known before, and with one long kiss sent its lava flood thrilling, throbbing and hissing through every vein.

"I cannot, I cannot!" I exclaimed, drawing back.

"Oh, Ellen! Ellen! how you torture me! You have chained me to the rock. Perishing with hunger, you place the tempting morsel where my tongue can touch it, but you will not let me eat; parched with thirst, you bring the cooling draught to my burning lips, but you will not let me drink it. Why will you do so? When will you cease to tantalize me? Go! leave me! I cannot endure it. Go! you do not love me; you cannot love me! Go! go!"

I started, but he clasped me again in a vice-like embrace.

"Let me go!" I demanded.

"By the God that made us both, and made me as I am, you shall be mine! You have driven me to desperation!" And he gnashed his teeth in the madness of ungoverned passion, then, relaxing his hold, he fell back upon the sofa, pale as death.

The storm had spent itself, and the violent upheaving of the tempest was suddenly still.

But I dared not leave him; the silence and the calm affected me more, if possible, than the storm had done, and I trembled with undefinable terror. I knelt by his side and pushed back his dampened hair—pressed my lips to his forehead—begged him to speak or I should die.

"Die with me, Ellen," he said, "and I can die happy. No! I will not ask it; it is too much to ask of one that loves you, and when one does not—O my God! my God! have mercy on me. Of you, Ellen, I shall never ask it again. I have begged—I have knelt at your feet a wretched man, long, long enough; it is better that we should part; you, young and beautiful, to charm others, to win, to torture and to reject, if you will. Go, and may you enjoy more of happiness than you have yet received or given. Go, and leave your ruined victim behind!" and he groaned such a groan of unutterable despair as might have come from his last agonies.

I left him, half expecting he would call me back, but he did not, and with that groan ringing in my ears I went to my own room. I tried to call back my childish faith in Heaven, but it hung like lead above me, through which no ray of sunlight gleamed. Society stood before me stern and aghast, bidding me respect her, and, as I was tasting the first stinging drops of a cup whose foam was nectar, shun the last fatal draught which was Death and Hell.

Something must be done, and that quickly—somewhere I must go, but where? Where can a helpless woman go when driven rudely from a home which has so long protected her? Where? when all the wide world contains no other whose heart beat lovingly for her.

I gathered together my little wardrobe, while my heart still beat for him whose kindness had provided it, and whose misguided passions were sending me away. I pressed to my lips each little token of affection, as one does the pale dead lips it shall see no more.

I counted over the money I had saved from time to time, and it was sufficient for the wants of a few, very few days, and then who could tell what the end should be?

The next morning opened bright and beautiful as any, and while my heart was swelling with the thought of its last farewell, a laugh, hollow and false as the promises of sin, drew me to the window.

I saw him in the carriage, through the maples; his face looked haggard, bloated and sensual. Could that be the face I had loved, and a feeling of loathing and disgust came over me. Love in a moment changed to hate, and like an incensed madman, I could have laughed while watching his unfeeling heart beat out its last quivering throbs in my bloody fingers as, I thought, he laughed, fiendlike, at the misery he had created.

How I lived that day I could never tell, but I was fastened to the spot I hated, I could not go until I had seen him again. The tempter had one more trial for my weakness.

It was late when he returned—I would wait until morning; but I could, I must see him, and so I followed to the study; the door was ajar, the gorgeous moonlight filled the room and glorified the face of a troubled sleeper; in a moment I yielded to the mighty spell that always bound me in his presence—perhaps I had wronged him—perhaps he had suffered more than I, and again he seemed the noble man I had known in the days of my sweetest faith in human goodness.

I knelt beside him and laid my face against his, hot, feverish and troubled, and then I could have made the sacrifice and offered up soul and body upon the burning altar of his fiery passions; but Heaven still remembered mercy.

I had disturbed his slumber and he moved restlessly.

"I knew she would not go," he muttered, and with a smile of triumph.



"I deserve to be damned for it, do I?" he continued, as if addressing some one.

"Darned or not, ten thousand hells shall not keep her from me, I swear it."

I did not shriek or scream, but writhing under a terrible, tangible presence, I rushed from it as from the jaws of death.

On, on I went, only wishing to blot myself out of existence; the dull owl booted and mocked, the black shadows of the trees moved solemnly to and fro as if they mourned the fruits of sin, and the echoes repeated my despairing wail.

I stopped, where the mountain stream gave its first mad leap into the chasm below, and thus must I escape my first temptation.

Down, far down in the inky deep, where crazy imps danced to the mad chorus of darkness, giant arms, black and frightful, impatiently beckoned and extended to give me their fierce welcome; a cold hand seized me with a convulsive grasp. Shuddering, I drew back, and with a cry, agonizing as that which moved a world, I prayed, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Wet with the cooling spray that fell upon me, like the tears of angels, I arose from that prayer saved. A gentle presence hovered near and whispered of peace.

I went back to the house as the old clock was telling the hour of four, then the sound of my footfall and my beating heart was all that disturbed the deep silence. I passed the opened door where Mr. Wells was still sleeping; I dared not turn my eyes, lest the fatal spell might force my vacillating heart to yield again to weakness.

I took my satchel in my hand; the shrill whistling of the engine bade me hasten, and I obeyed.

The cars moved on with their full freight of human life, all going, and I—who knew and who cared where.

I saw Mr. Wells from the window; I knew, from the perplexed and troubled look with which he watched the hurrying cars, that he suspected the truth, too late to save his victim, and I leaned back in utter desolation, believing such sheltering arms would find me never again.

The air grew thick and stifling, a sea of faces whirled about me with divided, doubled and distorted features, and a stranger said, "You are ill," and offered me support.

"Your ticket, madam," said the conductor.

I half raised my head.

"Your ticket," he repeated, louder than before.

"The lady is ill," replied the gentlemanly stranger. "Do not disturb her."

"Where is she going?"

Of course he could not answer, and I endeavored vainly to separate a name from the chaos of my bewildered brain.

"You know where you are going, don't you?" he asked, eyeing me curiously.

I sank back into my former obliviousness, until I heard—

"Ellen, it must be her," and the arm of the stranger tightened around me.

I started up, but I could recall no familiar lines in that bearded face.

"Six years have changed me, Ellen, and I am no longer the boy I was when you saw me last; but look at me, my eyes and hair are the same."

"John, my brother," I faltered, "Heaven has sent you." And I hid my face in his bosom—a manly bosom—where I could fearlessly rest without danger of rousing the fiery throbs of passion to disturb the peace of his protection.

I told him all of my temptation and my escape, and together we thanked the Infinite Father for his loving kindness; but even while I thanked, I felt the dull throbs of pain in the desolation of my heart's inner chamber, and yearning sighs echoed through its aching silence, for I could not forget the delicious joy that unlawful love had brought me; I could not tear away in an instant the arduous work of years, and so I must listen to its mysterious voices, sadly singing, to the time of my falling tears, of what had been and what might have been.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THREE years after and I was happy in my brother's home. I had learned life's bitterest lesson, but the syren lay powerless now, and my oft-banished love returned no more; sometimes I recalled its fearful tragedy that it might teach me to awaken only those life-chorus, that, vibrating sweetly to the music of sinless love, lead higher and higher toward heaven and the angels; while those fascinating at first with delicious pleasure, thrills farther down in the lowest deep of woe.

Two years more and I had received no intelligence from the village where I had spent my early life. I had scrupulously avoided all communication with it, knowing the weakness that prays, "Lead us not into temptation," should not trifle when the heart pleads for sin, and though mine turned its longing eyes towards Sodom no more, I was still interested, for there my mother slept, and there my wicked love lay buried.

I had left Mrs. Wells; how had my strange conduct been explained to her, and what did she think of it? The little ones, too, that loved me first and truest, did they remember me? Poor little Annie! I could never forget how her sad thoughtful face approached me as she said, "I wish papa loved me as well as he does you, Ellen; but he never wants me near him."

Chance brought me the desired information. I met a stranger, and in some way the conversation was directed toward the clergy, their relation to other men, the pernicious influence of free thought, unchecked by the strong hand of reason and principle.

"Not long ago," he said, "I was sailing rudderless toward the open sea where so many venturesome souls find shipwreck, when a circumstance checked me somewhat. It was this:

"The clergyman of our little town, Mr. Wells—you may have heard of him—a young man of growing reputation in the theological world, a man full of noble and generous impulses, of decided and promising talent, and in fact, possessed of everything a rising man could desire, but he grew tired of old things and plunged recklessly into new, until the restrictions of the church and society grew intolerable.

"For a time he preached in the old way, while with a few friends he talked privately of the new theories that absorbed him, but a man cannot deceive always, and little by little his new doctrines became incorporated in his Sabbath discourses, until his conservative hearers became alarmed, and we were soon a house divided against itself and brought to desolation.

"Mr. Wells, excluded from the fellowship of the churches, and stayed by no halloast of honor or principle, rushed into all manner of licentiousness.

"He left town in search of employment, but his name had everywhere gone before him, and he failed; but he did not return until the little he had saved was squandered with worthless women.

"He came back to his faithful and patient wife, wearied and discouraged, to madly start for another world that he might escape the punishment of this.

"He was found in the arbor, back of the house, weltering in his blood. Since then, I confess, free thought frightens me a little."

I felt the cold chills creep over me, and my heart stood still.

"You are cold by this open window," he said; "let me shut it."

Recovering my composure, I asked, "What became of Mrs. Wells?"

"Suffering, yet unrepining, she was devoted to her vagrant husband to the last.

"I saw her often; she wondered, she said, she could have lived so blindly, and then she spoke of some one she called Ellen, leaving her alone. I believe she went away while she, Mrs. Wells, was absent. I did not exactly understand the story, but it must have been bad enough, or else she loved her very much, for she never spoke of her without deep emotion.

"The society have given her the old parsonage—for they all esteemed her; she lives with the children, and a young lady, a beautiful creature, but the victim of that infernal fascination which Mr. Wells possessed above every other man I ever knew—a fascination perfectly incomprehensible to me—but I have made my story too long," he continued, and bidding me good morning, left me to thoughts he little dreamed of—thoughts of the friend I had deceived, a friend struggling in the lonely desolation of her poverty, yet remembering me with tears—thoughts of my own well-filled purse, and of the power God had given me to return the kindness of other years, and from an overflowing heart, now altogether grateful, I prayed—"My Father, I thank thee!"

THE END.

#### PERSONAL.

ANOTHER of our ancient citizens has descended to the grave. Mr. W. Fox, President of the Manhattan Gas Company, died last Friday at his home in West Farms, in his seventy-eighth year. He was one of the last of our merchants of the old school.

THE Louisville Democrat announces a bloody duel fought on the 8th of February, at Duncansville, on the Georgia and Florida line, between Edwin Hart, editor of the Florida Sentinel and Crittenden Coleman, a grandson of Senator Crittenden. They were both killed on the spot.

THE French papers notice that, on the 3d of February, at a convent near Boulogne, there died at a very advanced age the woman who, seventy years ago, was enthroned and deified in Paris as the Goddess of Reason. She had long repented of her earlier career. In her youth she was famed for her virtues and her beauty—in her age for her piety and unearthly ghostliness.

THE Norwich Bulletin speaks of the New London Star's new editorial force in the following manner: "The editorial department of the Star has been increased. Its inventories now: one brain, one bowl, and one bottle of small beer. The beer commenced working last week." To which the Star replies: "The poor rum on which the 'editorial department' of the Bulletin is run, 'commenced working' some time since."

SOME facetious gentleman has been making free with the name of Professor Wise, of balloon fame. Not content with that, he added insult to injury by establishing a stand at the corner of a street in Memphis, Tenn., where he dispensed peanuts, candies and penny cigars to an admiring and purchasing community. Professor Wise has written from his home in Lancaster, Pa., declaring his peanut name as an impostor.

GENERAL TWIGGS, whose recent surrender of his trust has caused such indignation throughout the army, was the third in military rank, General Scott and Wool ranking before him.

THE well-known comedian and playwright, D. E. Durivage, died in Memphis, Tenn., on the 22d of February, in his forty-fifth year. He had left the stage and literature for several years, and had devoted himself to agriculture. He was as much respected in both his professions. He had served with distinction in the Mexican War.

THE Philadelphia Press, in alluding to the movement of Mr. Lincoln in passing through Baltimore, states that when "Mr. Buchanan left Lancaster, four years ago, he was threatened by the rowdies of Baltimore with personal violence, in any number of anonymous letters, and it made such an impression on him that, in company with a few friends, he took a private carriage, leaving his escort and a dinner that had been prepared for him behind."

MISSED by a Sabbath periodical, we published the marriage of our friend John Clancy. The leader, of which he is senior editor, denies the oft-impeachment. We are afraid, therefore, that our excellent County Clerk is not as happy as we made him out, and as he deserves to be, for however pleasant "single blessedness" is, it certainly cannot be equal to "double blessedness," so long as twice one are two.

WE copy, with due censure, the following spiteful epitaph on our Ex-President. Requested in pace. "At noon to-morrow, the effulgent nose of the President will be an unofficial one. The venerable and slightly effulgent Old Public Functionary, will for almost the first time in his life, be without an office. In these hard times, the discharged servant—discharged without a recommendation—will find it difficult to procure another place."

IT is with unfeigned regret that we record the death of William Montgomery Martin, of Columbia, S. C., who died from the result of a severe cold, contracted while working at Morris Island, Charleston harbor. He was a volunteer in the ranks of the artillery company, being a sincere and enthusiastic believer in secession. He was an able writer and a fine poet—his verses to an "African Harp," are equal to Milton's Sonnet to a Nightingale. It is strange and sad that political troubles carry from us our bravest and our best, while old hack politicians who do the mischief are preserved.

COL. CONROGAN, whose disobedience to military orders has subjected him to a court-martial, is dangerously ill. It is supposed that mental annoyance has caused his indisposition.

CAPT. MEXON has been restored to his official position in Washington.

THE wretch, Gavitt, who murdered Joseph L. White, at Panama, is to be tried for that offence. The United States Consul is to watch our interest in the matter. It appears that Gavitt's enmity was entirely personal, on account of White having succeeded in gaining a contract to gather India rubber, which he had failed in.

EX-PRESIDENT JOHN TYLER, after the adjournment of the Peace Convention, went to Richmond, and, after a sermon from the citizens, in a speech bitterly attacked the action of the Peace Convention.

EDWIN M. PIERCE, of Norwich, Conn., late editor of the Hartford Press, died of consumption on the 14th March, aged twenty-seven. He was a clever writer and a kind man.

THE Sunday Courier says: "It is consoling to learn that, in spite of the crisis, every dollar of the stock of the Brooklyn Academy has been subscribed for and paid." We do not see the consolation.

THE New York Zouaves have now their semi-weekly early morning drills, rising at four o'clock and marching in double quick time to the Battery. They have their regular evening drills every Tuesday and Friday. Some of them sleep at the Armory on the bare boards, in order to accustom them to military discipline. The army here being situated at the corner of Washington Square and Fourth street affords them easy access to the Parade Ground, where they drill in fine weather. They are forming a good library of books on military tactics and other subjects. They expect soon to number a hundred men.

MR. OSCANYAN, the Oriental lecturer, of literary celebrity, has returned from a very successful tour at the West.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SOME two years ago we chronicled the mysterious disappearance of Dr. Rowe from the hotel in which he was staying in Oxford, Benton county, Ohio. King, the keeper of the hotel, said that the doctor had been called away to see a patient in some town about thirty miles off, and that was all he knew of the matter. As, however, the missing man had \$2,000 about his person, it was strongly suspected that he had been murdered. After two years' quiet but active inquiry by a detective, it has been discovered that King, with the assistance of two men, Rogers and Haggett, inveigled the doctor to a farmhouse on the pretence of seeing a patient, and that when there he was murdered. King has confessed, and the three villains are in custody awaiting their trial. They will doubtless be hanged.

THERE is a quiet earnestness in the Western method of ridding itself of rogues eminently reassuring to one class, and terribly suggestive to another. The Memphis Pioneer states that lately a Mr. Kimbro, a planter, saw a suspicious character hanging about. He was arrested, and some burglarious tools found on his person. He was warned to leave those parts, but he did not heed the advice. Two days afterwards he was found dead, hanging to the bough of a tree. His executors are not yet discovered. He gave his name as Cornelius Watkins.

THE Sunday Mercury has a very graphic account of the manner in which the plot against Abe Lincoln's life was ferreted out by two New York Detectives, Devoe and Sampson, who were detailed by Sup. Kennedy to proceed to Baltimore to find out what was going on. We do not consider it wise of the police authorities to show their secret machinery, and how was it that Mr. Kennedy knew there was a plot? We don't believe a word of it.

THE deleterious nature of coal gas is not sufficiently guarded against. Last Thursday, a young man, working at the saleratus factory, Twelfth street and Tenth avenue, lit a fire in the counting-room and set down. He was found some hours after in a state of insensibility. It appears that he had left the door of the stove open, and the damper was down. He died soon after he was discovered.

SOME time since the Hudson County Artillery applied to Brigadier-General Hatfield for permission to form a third regiment. The General has now issued an order making them a special artillery regiment. A special election for officers has been ordered for Wednesday next, and it is understood that Captain Hexamer will be elected Colonel. This will be the first artillery regiment in the State.

A most infamous case of false accusation and arrest has lately happened at Bergen, New Jersey. A man, named Dickenson, who now and then quarrelled with his wife, was missing. As he had a few dollars in his possession, the shrew accused a young man, who had been seen in her husband's company the day he was missed, as being implicated in his disappearance. He was arrested, and was about to be committed to jail on the serious charge of murder, when a telegraphic dispatch came from Dover Plains, Dutchess county, where his father resides, saying he was there and in health. Mrs. D. ought to be punished for her conduct.

COLEMAN'S famous and popular hotel at West Point was burnt to the ground on Friday, the 1st March. It was the result of an accident.

SIX stevedores were arrested last week, charged with robbing the cargoes they were employed to unload. It appears that for six months numerous packages have been missed from Pier 44, North River, where the London, Liverpool and Philadelphia boats are loaded and unloaded. A detective was employed, and the six stevedores detected in their nefarious conspiracy. Finding the evidence so clear against them, they confessed their delinquencies.

DEWEY Beecher's preachings; the new Academy of Music, and its sixty churches and three thousand clergymen, Brooklyn is as unsafe for human life as a lion's den. A few days since, a most sober and respectable man, named John McCormey, was brutally murdered in open day by a ruffian, John Cowan, and several others of the same class, because he would not go into a vile groggery den and treat the rowdy crowd. He leaves a wife and four children. The great-at-curse to our cities are the corner groceries. No liquor ought to be sold in any place except licensed taverns.

THE new urban railroad is to be built by a New York contractor, who recently departed for Havana with a hundred laborers. Another New Yorker has taken a contract, amounting to \$5,000,000 for paving the streets of Havana. Mr. Thomas Whims, of Baltimore, well-known among steamboat men as owner of the cigar steamer, is said to possess a fortune of more than \$12,000,000, which he accumulated mainly through a contract with the New York City of

Russia, for the construction of a railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow. We may also gratify our self-love by adding that the positions of trust on that railroad are filled by Americans. It is to Train that London and Liverpool owe their horse-railroads. Ferry boats are likewise about being inaugurated on the lakes.

A VERY exciting scene occurred on the 2d March at Pier No. 13 North River. A fugitive slave was brought down by two marshals to be shipped south. When he got to the wharf the negro appealed to the sympathies of the mob for protection. A policeman thereupon demanded to see the warrant for the negro's extradition. This the marshal had most unaccountably forgotten, and he went for it, leaving his noble prisoner in the hands of his associate marshal. Encouraged by the mob, the negro made tracks for the hospitable shores of New Jersey, pursued by the marshal, who, impeded by the mob, was finally tripped up. The darkey made his escape to Jersey City or Hoboken, where he was speedily put on the underground railroad.

AT Sing Sing, recently, a man having buried his wife, called for his little girl, whom he had left at a neighbor's while he went through the mournful ceremony of the funeral. At midnight the neighborhood was aroused by the flames bursting from his house. Bad to say, both he and his little child were found burnt in their beds. It is supposed that he fell asleep while reading. Thus one week closed the graves of all the family.

THE census of New Jersey foots up a population of 672,024, of which 644,080 are whites, 24,936 free colored people and eight slaves. Of the slaves yet remaining in the State, there are in Hunterdon county three, in Middlesex, one, in Morris one, in Passaic two, and in Somerset one. The largest county is Essex, containing the city of Newark, population, 98,876. The next in population is Hudson, containing 62,717. The total population of the city of Trenton is 17,221, and of this number 627 are colored.

#### THE OPEN DOOR.

(Continued from page 270.)

"Hallo!" I cried, "what do you want here?"

"He plodded on round the corner without looking back, and, by the time I had reached it, he was gone."

"Bolted into the plantation," I said to myself, "he might hide away there in a minute. No mystery in that. Next time I'll not scare my visitor off."

"But, though I was convinced that the gardener himself was at the bottom of the whole thing, I could not catch him out. Once, indeed, I found the door open without any fault of his. It was a bright, moonlight night. I was going to bed, when I looked out of a staircase window, and saw distinctly a man hide himself behind a bush in the garden. Stepping into the yard, I loosed Phiz—it was his last exploit, poor fellow, for the next day he was driven over and had to be killed—loosing Phiz, I slipped along, in the shadow of the wall, and pounced at the intruder. He made straight for the garden door, which stood wide open. I could not catch him, though I was near enough to remark that he had only one arm—his legs made up for the defect—he ran like a hare, and the only success gained was by Phiz, who had a turn-up with his dog."

"But to return: I suspected the gardener of the whole thing, and, had he merely tried to keep my curiosity alive, I should not have cared; as it was, he scared the women so much, that not a servant staid. Evidently he liked short holdings and long intervals between them."

"It was a part of my agreement to keep him on when I took the place. Well as this arrangement ought to have suited him, he evidently preferred doing nothing on his own account to doing little more on mine. Indeed, I heard that the servants of previous tenants had been so worked upon by his report of the ghost, and their own supposed evidence of his visits, that their frequent changes must have made a very appreciable item in the drawbacks to the place, and, therefore, increased his chances of an idle interregnum."

"I expected the rather to detect him, as I had had some experience in ghostly apparatus when I was a boy, and, indeed, was very successful on several occasions with the brick. Don't you know the charm? Take a heavy, rough brick; tie a long, black thread round it, and put it on the floor, under somebody's bed; carry the thread under the door, and at night, when the candle is put out, and you know that your victim has settled himself between the sheets, though not yet gone to sleep, pull your thread a little—wait, and pull again. By judicious management, I have known a brick take, at least, a quarter of an hour to journey across the room. The creeping, grating sound it makes, unlike the step or movement of any living creature, is so miserably suggestive of something uncanny, that I have known great crowds come down the next morning as sallow about the gills as if they had sat up for a week."

"Holly is not bad, either; it makes a horrible and singular sound when rubbed against a window. I have thus silenced a room full of talkers for the whole evening. Kittens shut up in a piano create only passing distress; but a lantern, which throws a large disc of light for a considerable distance, may be so managed as to keep a hamlet in terror for weeks."

"Now, the appearances testified to by our cook one evening, when the door was open, answered so well to the effect of such an instrument, that I became convinced of the gardener's guilt."

"Tired with it suddenly, however, he most positively denied having any hand in the matter. Cook gave warning, so did the housemaid. This was very tiresome, as the next would probably inherit additional suspicions."

"To settle the matter, therefore, I called the whole household out on the next occasion of the door being found unaccountably open, and walked through it backwards and forwards half a dozen times in their presence, shutting it to when I had done, and putting the key in my pocket."

"That same evening also I had them all out again, and, with a bull's-eye lantern, produced the appearances which had threatened to upset our relationship. Thus reassured, cook staid with us, and a fortnight has now passed since the expiration of the six months subsequent to my first defiance of the spell, which was, indeed, only a week after my coming to the place; but no chaffing or loss of credit shakes the gardener's professed belief in the danger of that act."

"Can you," said my friend, laying down his manuscript, "suggest any further means to dispel a superstition which has found believers in this village for the last score or so of years, and helped a lazy knave to additional months of idleness?"

"No," I replied, "unless you build up the door."

"That would be an admission of my own credulity," he answered. "No; I like giving the ghost his chance."

Thus speaking, he took up the newspaper which lay beside him, and I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and was leaving the summer-house, when I heard him say, "Good heavens! look here!"

I turned quickly round, and saw him grow pale, while the paper shook in his hand. He pointed to a paragraph, which ran thus:

"This village," mentioning a place about ten miles off, "has lately been the scene of a horrible tragedy. A tramp was found in a barn, suffering from what at first appeared a fit, but afterwards proved to be hydrophobia. The man, who had only one arm, stated, in an interval of consciousness, that he had been bitten by a dog, which formerly accompanied him, and had subsequently gone mad; he had destroyed the animal, and put some balsam into the wound, which he thought had neutralized the venom, for the bite had speedily closed up, and he had felt no further inconvenience. But he died after great suffering."

"Look there!" said my friend, pointing with a trembling finger at the passage; "that was the man I tried to catch, and the same beast slightly bit my hand, when I dragged off my dog."

The death stroke had been given within the time. In another month the house was vacant, and the next morning I saw the garden in the place.



## HON. JAMES SIMONS,

Brigadier-General of the Fourth Brigade of S. C. M., and Speaker of the S. C. House of Representatives.

We give in our present issue a striking likeness of the Hon. James Simons, Brigadier-General of the Fourth Brigade S. C. M. and Speaker of the S. C. House of Representatives.

General Simons is a native of Charleston, a descendant of the Huguenots, and his family is one of the oldest and most respectable in the State. His father was an officer in Colonel William Washington's cavalry, and distinguished himself at the battles of Cowpens and Eutaw, at the latter of which he was severely wounded. After the Revolution he held the office of Collector of the Port of Charleston, under the appointment of General Washington.

General Simons graduated at the South Carolina College in 1833, with the first honor of his class, immediately commenced the study of the law, entered the bar at the early age of twenty-two, and soon became distinguished in his profession.

He has been in the Legislature about nineteen years continuously as a member of the House of Representatives, and has been uniformly elected Speaker without opposition for the last ten years, the robes of which office he now wears; and he is considered one of the best expounders of Parliamentary law in the country.

General Simons is Vice-President of the Cincinnati of South Carolina—the venerable and Hon. Henry A. De Saussure being the President.

General Simons has been in the military service of the State for twenty-six years, and was Colonel of the First Regiment of Artillery at the time of his election as Brigadier-General.

The brigade of which he is the present commander consists of one regiment of artillery, one regiment of rifles and four regiments of infantry (one of which is the distinguished Seventeenth), and numbers about five thousand men in the aggregate.

The General is courteous in his manners, and much esteemed by his fellow-citizens.

## THE OPEN DOOR.

SOME few weeks ago—I write with the occurrence fresh in my mind—I paid a visit to a friend whose house had the reputation, not only of being haunted, but haunted by a ghost of a peculiarly venomous kind. It had the credit, he told me in his kind note of invitation, of being concerned in the death of at least two previous occupants of the place. "However," he added, "having rather a taste for game of this kind, I have kept a record of my investigations, which you shall hear; and if you think I have not laid the spectre sufficiently, we will join our forces, and utterly break the spell."

Two or three days after I had been under his roof, he came into the library with a small manuscript in his hand, and said, "If you are disengaged, I will read you my notes about this ghost."

"By all means," I replied; "only let me get my pipe before you begin." So I ran upstairs for it, while he threw up the window which opened on the lawn, and his wife gave some directions to the servant, who had entered the room to clear away the breakfast.

On my return, he called out, "I'm going to read it in the summer-house, and Mary, who has heard it already, shall skim the news off the paper, and give us the cream when we have done."

Arrived at the summer-house, I lit my pipe, slipped a spider off the stem, which had let himself down from the roof at the smell of a lucifer, and put my feet up on the bench, while my friend, spreading his manuscript on the rough table which stood in the midst, thus began:

"To be let furnished, in excellent repair, and most salubrious situation, a country house, with good gardens and outbuildings, near the D— station, on the Great Western Railway. Rent, thirty pounds. Inquire of Messrs. Letum & Co., Baker street."

"Look there," said I to my wife, handing the paper across the breakfast table, with my finger on the paragraph, "what would you have, if that does not suit you? I'll go and see about it this morning."

In an hour I got off the top of one of the Atlas buses, and presented myself in the office of the agents.

"Why is the rent so low?" I innocently asked. "Is there a soapboiler's next door, or a smallpox hospital?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir," replied the clerk; "we are instructed to say there is no drawback in the neighborhood, but good society, excellent fishing, a popular preacher, and a pack of hounds within easy reach. I believe, though, that the present owner, an eccentric gentleman, lets it for a low rent because he believes that it is haunted—an absurd fancy, sir; but all the better for the next tenant."

"This notion, I confess, made me rather take to the prospect than otherwise, and determined me to run down to the place and see for myself."

"We had for some time been looking out for a residence in the country, but hitherto we had gained nothing by the verification of several advertisements, beyond a change of air for a few hours,

down one of the many railroads leading out of London—one house was too damp, one too dark, others small, bleak, lonely, staring or tumble-down.

"The following day I went—half hoping the inspection would confirm a growing disposition to give the whole thing up, and live, not without precedent, in town."

"Arrived at the station, I yielded to the pressure of the solitary flyman, and bade him drive me to the Grange, for this was the title of the house I sought. We had not left the cluster of sheds, which had grown up near the station, above ten minutes, when I caught glimpses through a fence of a low, gray stone building, with mullioned windows, half hidden in a clump of cedars, the whole set in the corner of a pleasant park-like paddock. I was just saying to myself, I wish the Grange may be like this, when the driver touched his hat, and said, 'Shall I drive you in by the back way, sir? the front is open.'"

"This seemed an odd reason for choosing the approach he suggested, but I replied, 'Oh, yes, certainly;' thinking that the person in charge, most probably, lived somewhere in the rear of the premises I wished to visit—for we really had reached the Grange."



HON. JAMES SIMONS, BRIGADIER-GENERAL OF THE FOURTH BRIGADE OF S. C. M., AND SPEAKER OF THE S. C. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—PHOTOGRAPHED BY COOK, CHARLESTON.

"As we drove up, I could see at a glance that the place had been untenanted for some time. The box edging had become a dwarf hedge; ants had piled up little tumuli of fine earth on the lawn, over which the grass had already crept; and the fruit trees were choking themselves with an inner growth of barren wood. On entering the stable-yard, the wheels of my vehicle bumped unevenly over the stones with which it was paved, proving how deeply the rain had scooped out the soft soil in which they were first bedded. I noticed, too, that a horseshoe, nailed to the threshold of what appeared to be the stable-door, had become rough with rust, and established a little brown puddle, like the drops under the spout of a chalybeate pump, while a fringe of weeds had sprung up round the kennel of a former dog."

"Now no noise of dragging chain marked his interest in the advent of a stranger. There was not a sound in the place, except from some pert sparrows who had settled themselves in an empty dovecot, and the short puffs of the broken-winged fly-horse."

"Shall I knock, sir?" said the driver.—"By all means."

"Louder than that," said I, hearing no stir.

"So he knocked louder, till the fastenings rattled. Still no response. Justified by this delay, he put his thumb on the flat latch, and clicked it, pushing it at the same time; but though the upper part of the door gave about an inch, the lower remained firm, as if fastened by a bolt within, a few inches from the ground."

"Please wait a minute," said a small voice from about the height of his knee, but so clear it sounded as if it had come from lips on this and not on the other side of the door. The speaker, however, was inside, for the voice went on: "Father will be here directly, and undo the bolt; he has gone to see that no one comes through the door, because it is open."

"Who is your father?" said I, addressing the keyhole.

"Death," said the voice; "Mr. Death."

"This handle took off a little of the unpleasantness of the reply; but still, I thought, now I had better wait till he comes. Turning, therefore, to the flyman, I said, 'Why didn't you drive in by the front gate? We should have found him there.'"

"Ah, sir! I see you don't know this place. No one ever goes in by that door when it opens of itself. Leastways, who-

ever does is sure to be struck with death within the next six months. The last gent but one as lived here walked through one day promiscuous like; and sure enough, he died five months and seventeen days afterwards. The last went out that way when he was a-leaving home, and got wrecked within six weeks."

"Probably," I said; "most people who die or are wrecked have passed through an open door many scores of times shortly before."

"Well, sir, I don't know how it is, but so it is, and folk about here believe it."

"This was a settler. Folk believe it! What better reason can be rendered for some more rational articles of popular faith? It is unanswerable. Folk is a universal sponsor. Folk is king, pope, and master of the ceremonies."

"Having had my logic thus suddenly chopped up for me, there was nothing for it but to wait for Mr. Death."

"I hoped, for the sake of the fruit and flowers, he was not the gardener. While I listened for his step, I pictured his appearance. There was no doubt now of the house being haunted. I had just missed an interview. The ghost might even then be somewhere about the place. My reverie was interrupted by a heavy step along the passage; then came a pause; the door opened, and Mr. Death began to apologise for his delay."

"I confess I was rather disappointed. He was short as a crab, and red as a lobster. With a cheery voice, which bubbled up out of a large blue waistcoat, he begged pardon for keeping me so long at the door, and offered to show me the house and premises at once. His little daughter—for it was she who had first responded to our knocks—was just like him. Thus the promised air of mystery grew suddenly commonplace, and I walked from room to room engaged in vulgar queries about drains and grates. But when we had gone over the building, and passed into the garden, I recognized the door, and said, 'Very well, the place seems likely enough to suit me. I will see the agents when I get back to town, and let you know whether I shall take it or not. Meanwhile, I may as well go back this way; it is the shortest cut to the station. Then, suddenly lifting the fastening of the front gate, I pushed it open, and passed through. No protest followed; but the man did—carelessly enough—talking still about the greenhouse, which he hoped, if I came, I would repair."

"Why," said I, "is not this the forbidden door? The driver would not enter here because it was open, and now you walk through as if there were not a ghost in the world."

"He is gone, sir," replied he, in quite a matter-of-fact way, as if he had been speaking of the postman; "he passed through three times this morning, and now he will be away for a month."

"Tis not often he is so busy as he was to-day. When he is, it shows he is off somewhere for a while. You may go through the gate safe enough as long as you open it yourself; but he can't bear any one to use it when he is about."

"Well," I replied, "if I come, I shall keep the key and lock him out, unless he asks to be let in."

"Ah, sir, he won't wait for that, I'll be bound. He is sure to come if you do."

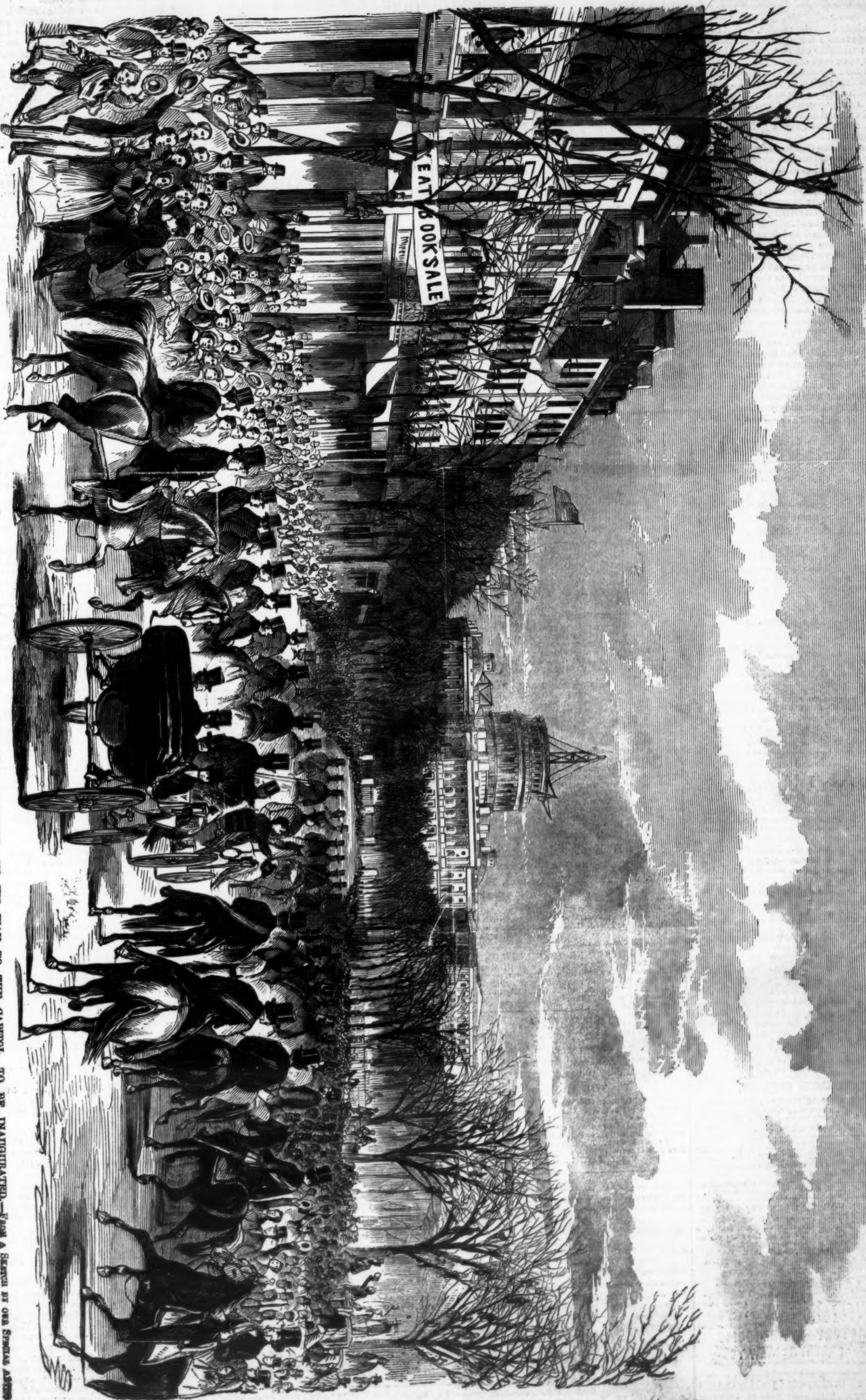
"This was positive and pleasant; so I fed my friend, and made my way to the station, determining, as I walked, to tackle this strange visitant if ever I took the place."

"Which I did. In six weeks we had packed up all our household stuff, down to the kitchen mustard-pot, and Pickford transferred it to the Grange—leaving a charwoman in my old home with a large perquisite of broken bottles and scraps of bass matting. We found the pulse of life beginning to beat irregularly in our new house. Fires, mostly of deal splinters and straw, warmed the grates; porters were coaxing obstinate angular furniture upstairs; a little crowd of washingstands and limbs of dislocated bedsteads were waiting for their turn in the hall; the

(Continued on page 270.)



VIEW ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, MONDAY MARCH 4TH, 1861—MR. LINCOLN, ACCOMPANIED BY PRESIDENT BUCHANAN ON HIS WAY TO THE CAPITOL TO BE INAUGURATED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST





## THE OPEN DOOR.

(Continued from page 265.)

piano choked up the passage, as if it had set out to escape from a scene of discord, and had missed a turn; while the chairs, with their legs sticking up, sat upon each other.

"I found my dog, Phiz, under the dining-room table, making a point at Mr. Death's cat, who, with a tail as big as a muf, was trying to terrify him by ventriloquism. Taking him off to air in the old kennel, I kicked over the cat, incited the porters, lent a judicious hand here and there, until by eventide the neck of the business was broken (besides a few small chattels), and the additional furniture we brought with us fraternized with that of the Grange.

"It was, of course, several days before we had made final dispositions; but ere long the heavy baggage was arranged, the three-deckers were brought to an anchor, and only the gunboats had to be placed.

"All this while I had heard nothing of the ghost; but when the more solid claims of my new household had been attended to, I asked the gardener whether he had lately paid a visit.

"He is here now," was the reply.

"Where?" I cried.

"Ah, sir, I can't tell that; but he came in about a quarter of an hour ago. The door is wide open still."

"Popping on my hat, I ran into the garden. The door was half closed, and moving as if some one on the other side held the handle. When I approached it quickly, it was shut to with a slam. I pressed the latch and pushed; it yielded at once, and I passed through. There was no one, but a man walking leisurely away down the lane, about sixty yards off.

(Continued on page 267.)

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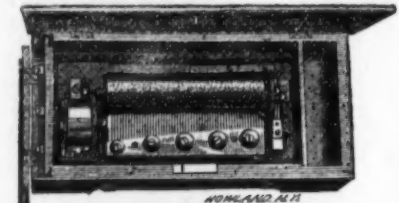
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